THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 23. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Hon. Thomas G. Windes.

CANDIDATE FOR CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE.

In cordially recommending Judge Thomas G. Windes to the suffrages of the readers of THE CITIZEN, we know no better way of presenting to them a perfect view of the real character of that amiable gentleman, broad minded, liberal citizen and model Judge than to republish what was said of him last week in the Eight Hour Herald, one of the leading champions of organized labor in the United States. Many readers of THE CITIZEN know Judge Windes well, having been his clients during the twelve years before he was elected to the bench when he was in partnership with Mr. Alexander Sullivan. To those who know the Judge we need not urge his claims, but to those who do not know him, we commend and endorse the earnest words of our very able labor contemporary. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Sullivan is heartily supporting his old partner for re-election, and hopes every friend of his will aid Judge Windes. The Eight Hour Herald says:

"The people of Cook county are fortunate in being again given an opportunity of voting for Judge Thomas G. Windes of the Circuit court. Judge Windes knows the hardship of the laborer's life, as an extract from the Chicago Tribune published when the Judge was first a candidate for election (although it was opposing him) and republished in this article will show. No hardship of the workingman's life is unknown to Judge Windes. And he has not forgotten those who were his comrades when he was at the bottom rung of the ladder. He has not been a demagogue, and he has not gone about proclaiming himself the laborers' friend as so many humbugs do. But whenever an issue came before him in which that question was involved, he was always clear, emphatic and just to the labor cause.

When he was a master in chancery, Bonfield and others, police bullies, sought to break up the meetings of a workingmen's organization known as the Arbeiter Bund. The attorneys for the bund applied to Judge Tuley for an injunction prohibiting the police from such interference. Judge Tuley was of opinion that he had no authority to issue an injunction, but referred the matter to Mr. Windes, who was then a master in chancery of the Circuit court, because, as he said, the matter would be thoroughly investigated, and if he had such a right Mr. Windes would so report. Mr. Windes as master in chancery gave a full hearing to all the parties and investigated the law thoroughly. He was obliged to report that the judge had not the power to issue an injunction because the proceedings in such a case should be taken on the common law side of the court, and not on the chancery side.

A man without sympathy for the cause of labor and the rights of the people would have stopped right there and simply reported on the cold question of law which was referred to him for a report; but Thomas G. Windes went further. He was aroused to indignation at the treatment of the workingmen by the police force, and in language worthy of the heroic Judge McAllister, he reviewed the conduct of the police and declared the rights of workingmen in the following language:

The mayor and chief of police have no discretionary power given them by law to prevent the peaceable assembly of citizens. It is hostile and even dangerous to the genius of our institutions, and in conflict with those upon which they are based, to assume that a policeman, without judicial responsibility, shall exercise the judicial powers to grant or withhold the right of citizens constitutionally to meet in public assembly. To state the proposition that the policeman has this power, it seems to me, is sufficient to refute it. There is no testimony before me except the mere belief of two of the defendants that the purposes of the Arbeiter Bund meetings are illegal. This would not be sufficient to overcome the presumption that the complainants' purposes are lawful. But this presumption is fortified by the affidavits of the complainants and nine other persons that their purposes are lawful; that they wish to meet publicly, and that they have invited, and do invite, the police to attend their meetings. If the mere belief of a police officer that projected public meetings are for unlawful purposes shall operate to the prohibition of such meetings, such belief, created by error, malice, bigotry or political partisanship, may be resorted to for the effectual extinguishment of a fundamental constitutional right.

When citizens have assembled, if they advocate or proceed to the commission of unlawful acts or the overthrow of government or the destruction of property, then the conservators of the peace may exercise their discretion in dispersing them. If, in this case, the police have substantial ground for their belief they should not be engaged in a debate before a master in chancery defending an assumed judicial power; but as conservators of the peace should arrest complainants and appear as their accusers in a criminal proceeding.

I desire to apologize to this honorable court for the length of this report. The importance of the questions involved seems to me a sufficient warrant for departing from the bare statement of my opinion as to the law in the hope that a fuller presentation may be of some aid to the chancellor in determining the matter.

Respectfully submitted, this 31st day of December, 1883.

This report never ought to have been forgotten by the workingmen of Chicago, and we believe it never will be. They ought to support Thomas G. Windes every time he appears before them as a candidate.

Every time the rights of humanity come before Thomas G. Windes his decision will be found in favor of humanity. In supporting him the workingmen of Chicago are upholding and supporting their own cause and maintaining their own dignity. We have no doubt they will stand by Judge Windes at the coming election in a manner which will effectually rebuke those who are prejudiced against him on account of his well-known sympathy for the common people.

(From the Chicago Tribune, Aug. 23, 1892).

Thomas G. Windes, Democratic candidate for Circuit Court Judge, was born near Huntsville, Ala., in 1848. His father was a prominent Baptist minister, a supporter of the old Whig party, and earnestly opposed disunion. Young Windes finished his education at the University of Virginia, was admitted to the bar soon after, and came to Chicago in 1872. Not finding employment in his profession he drove a bob-tail car for the South Side street car company during one of the severest winters ever known in Chicago. This work, and the going to and coming from it, occupied sixteen out of every twenty-four hours. In addition to this he served as a janitor of a church, and had to get in the coal and get out the ashes and do all the rest of the work incident to the position. He afterward became connected with the law firm of Hardy & Herrick, and subsequently the senior partner of Windes & Sullivan. In 1880 he was appointed a master in chancery of the circuit court, and holds that office now. Mr. Windes resides in the village of Winnetka. On the occasion of a former vacancy on the circuit bench, Mr. Windes was recommended for a judgeship by more than five hundred members of the bar.

Hon. George A. Trude.

CANDIDATE FOR CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE.

George A. Trude, candidate for Circuit Court Judge on the Democratic non-partisan ticket, is well enough known to our readers to require no further introduction. Mr. Trude was appointed City Attorney to fill an unexpired term by a Republican mayor, and he was subsequently elected on the Democratic ticket by a large majority. During Mr. Trude's term of office not a dollar of the city's money was expended aside from the actual salaries. The cases against the city were so defended that they have all been won by the city in the state and federal courts. Mr. Trude is the originator of a policy which has afforded relief to the very poor persons who have been injured on sidewalks through the city's negligence by having the person treated by the city physician, who is on a salary, and reasonable compensation made through the aid of the finance committee and the comptroller. By these means the city of Chicago is saved considerable money and expense while the person injured obtains direct relief without being compelled to pay costs or hire a lawyer. The judges of our courts, irrespective of party, are united in warm commendation of Mr. Trude. He is a hard worker, quiet and unassuming in his demeanor and courteous to all. From the time of his connection with the Chicago City Railway Company down to the termination of his term of office as City Attorney, he has more than once by his acts proven his friendship to the cause of labor. His popularity with that element is the explanation for the fact that two years ago, during the Republican landslide which defeated him and all other candidates on the city ticket, he ran 27,300 votes ahead of his fellow candidates.

Mr. Trude was born in Lockport, N. Y., and came to Chicago in 1875, with his parents. He has resided here ever since. He acquired his education in the Chicago public schools, and after finishing a high school course he entered the Union College of Law, from which he graduated nearly fifteen years ago.

To his own efforts alone Mr. Trude owes his success. Inspired by a high and worthy ambition, he succeeded in placing himself before the people many years ago, with a record attained by very few men of his years. It was in 1892 that Mayor Washburne appointed Mr. Trude City Attorney, to fill the unexpired term of Jacob H. Kern, who was nominated for State's Attorney. Although of a different political belief, Mr. Washburne recognized Mr. Trude's ability when he made the appointment, and he did not have cause to regret it. Mr. Trude's record as City Attorney was, by universal acknowledgment, one of the most distinguished in the annals of the municipality. He is confident of election, and he is the type of man who will give added lustre to the Circuit bench of Cook county.

VOTE FOR THESE FIVE.

REPUBLICAN.	DEMOCRATIC.
☒ JOHN GIBBONS.	☒ CHARLES S. THORNTON.
☒ THOMAS G. WINDES.	☒ GEORGE A. TRUDE.
	☒ GRANVILLE W. BROWNING.

Be sure to put your cross in front of each of the foregoing names when you cast your vote.

REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY IN IRELAND.

In a list of awards recently announced by the Royal Humane Society for acts of conspicuous gallantry in saving life brought under its notice this month there were several from Ireland which received recognition from the committee.

Thomas Geehan, aged 32, railway porter, and Constable E. Welsh, the same age, both hailing from Maynooth, County Kildare, were unanimously voted handsome testimonials for their combined act of bravery on the evening of the 17th ult. The case was represented by Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, of Carton, Maynooth, who describes the rescue of young Christopher Toole, 6 years of age, as one of great courage and promptitude in action. The boy, it is shown, had climbed upon the battlements of the canal bridge to watch a passing train, and in his temporary excitement lost his balance and fell over some 23 feet into deep water. Geehan, hearing the cries for help, at once ran to the spot, and without removing any part of his clothing, plunged in. The boy by this had disappeared, but the plucky railwayman dived repeatedly, and at last got him from the mud and swam with him to the bank. Constable Walsh, though no swimmer, appeared on the scene, and also plunged in and assisted Geehan to land the boy. The little fellow was then apparently beyond human aid, but Walsh, in his wet clothes, thought otherwise, and at once commenced resuscitatory treatment, which, after half an hour's work, was successful.

On the same date, and at nearly the same time in the evening, at Ballinskelligs, in County Kerry, a child fell from the pier at that place into the sea, which at the time was about ten feet deep, with a heavy swell running. E. A. Stimpson, a lad of 16, was the rescuer in this case. The child must have been drowned but for Stimpson, who plunged in fully clothed, and at great risk got him to a boat which had put off from the pier. An able-bodied seaman, named J. J. O'Connor, now third officer of the steamer Matabele, also receives the medal for his gallantry in a case of rescue reported by Donald Currie & Co.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

Hon. John Gibbons.

CANDIDATE FOR CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE.

Judge John Gibbons is a candidate for re-election to the Circuit bench. He is nearly closing his first term, and it is not exceeding the bounds to say that he has made an ideal jurist. His manner on the bench is courteous and considerate, and his decisions have stood the test of the highest courts. No man on the bench is a closer analyst of law, and there is no more thorough student. For more than twenty-seven years Judge Gibbons has been a member of the bar, and no man has attained a better reputation in the profession. His cases as a practitioner have been many and varied, and through his ability in pushing them to an issue many important questions relating to personal rights have been decided. His practice as a lawyer included all the State and federal courts. He was active and conducted a large practice.

John Gibbons is 49 years old. He was born in Springfield, county Donegal, Ireland, March 18, 1848. He came to this country in 1866, when he was 18 years old, and graduated at Notre Dame, Ind., university in 1868. He studied law in Philadelphia and was admitted to the bar in Keokuk, Ia., in 1870. For five years he was city attorney of Keokuk, and was elected to the legislature of Iowa in 1875. The Democrats nominated him for attorney-general in 1878, and two years later John Gibbons came to Chicago. It was during the Blaine movement that John Gibbons differed with the Democratic party and became a Republican, and he has been a Republican ever since, but on the bench he has known no political party, his rulings having been eminently just in all cases.

The indorsement of the Chicago bar was accorded John Gibbons for election of Judge of the Circuit court when he was nominated in 1893, and it has had no reason to regret its action. Since his occupancy of the bench, Judge Gibbons has tried more great cases than any other judge ever elected to a court in this county during a similar period. And it is to be said to Judge Gibbons' credit that only one of his decisions, and that one only of minor importance, has been reversed by the Supreme Court. There is no greater record than that of Judge Gibbons for his antagonism to trusts and monopolies. His decisions in such cases as have come before him are well known to readers of THE CITIZEN.

His decision in the whisky trust case was the pioneer in the law and the most far-reaching ever handed down by a court on the subject. His recent decision declaring the tobacco company a monopoly is in keeping with the times. Judge Gibbons' decision on this case created wide discussion, and is approved by the masses of the American people. Another important case is pending before him, upon which he is expected soon to give a decision. This is entitled the People vs. Revell, and affects the lake front and public parks. Judge Gibbons was renominated by the Republicans on their non-partisan ticket.

THE TREATY.

The past week was crowded with signs of international uneasiness. But the most momentous incident, and one that in future history must stand forth with striking significance among the events of our century's close, was the rejection by the Senate of the United States of the Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain. No such declaration of distrust as this has ever before been made to England. The avowed cause of the Senate's action was the part Great Britain has played in the European concert, in connection with the Turkish massacres in Armenia and Crete, and with the Greco-Turkish war. The English and Canadian papers have assigned a different reason; but at all events the grounds declared on the floor of the Senate are worthy of the gravest consideration. Until Greco-Turkish affairs had begun to ruffle the waters of European diplomacy, England had boasted her "splendid isolation," her freedom from all continental entanglements. Everything that has transpired of late has proved the hollowness of this boast. Great Britain is hopelessly entangled with Russia, Germany, Turkey and Austria; and she dare not isolate herself.

The Monroe doctrine, if it is more than a phrase, means keeping the United States free from all entanglements in the European balance of power. So that, in face of the events of the hour, the American Senate had no alternative, and the rejection of the treaty was strictly dictated by the national policy. The papers that would ascribe the rejection of the treaty entirely to the influence of the Irish in the United States pay Irish-Americans a great compliment. If it is true that Irish-American resentment of the English policy in Ireland can dictate the estrangement or friendship of the two nations, independently of all other considerations, the fact is deeply significant. In Australia and in Canada the Irish exile has shown himself to be as ardent an admirer of British institutions as the Irish-American is of the constitution of the republic. The Irish in Australia and Canada are one with the Irish in the United States in demanding self-government for Ireland. A majority in the British house of commons has declared that the granting of this self-government would be in the common interests of Ireland and of the British empire. A temporary Conservative majority not being able to see things in the same light, may wake up now or later on to the immeasurable sympathy of the Irish cause. One thing at least is certain, that no British party should help to estrange the nation from the friendship of many millions of English-speaking people all the world over. —Catholic Register, May 13.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

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UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The annual convention of the United Irish Societies will be held on Sunday, June 6, at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, Halsted and Adams streets. All Irish-American societies and councils of the Irish National Alliance are invited to send delegates.

JOHN J. MAHONEY, Pres.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

EARTH IN A TREMOR.

SHOCKS ARE FELT IN TWELVE OF THE STATES.

High Building Sway and in Some Cases Chimneys Fall—No Great Damage Done, but Many Persons Are Stricken with Terror.

Washington, June 1.—What is supposed to have been an earthquake shock was felt here at 1:39 p. m. yesterday. It lasted about fifty seconds and caused chandeliers to sway and floors to tremble perceptibly. It was noticed at the Capitol, in the telephone exchange and several of the high buildings. The weather and naval observatory have recording instruments. A watchman at the observatory said that the shock lasted nearly a minute. The self-recording instrument at the weather bureau showed that the disturbance began at 1:58¼ and lasted five minutes. The movement was from south to north. The shocks were felt in Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Indiana.

Shook Buildings and Rattled Windows.

Baltimore, June 1.—A slight earthquake was felt here shortly before 2 o'clock yesterday afternon. It was not noticeable except in the high buildings, but in these distinct vibrations were felt, lasting about five seconds.

Pittsburg, June 1.—A slight earthquake shock was felt here at 1:51 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was not or was quite perceptible in high buildings and lasted nearly a minute.

Richmond, Va., June 1.—An earthquake shock which lasted a few seconds was experienced here about 1:30 p. m. yesterday. It shook buildings and rattled windows, but no damage was done. The people in many buildings were badly frightened.

Two Shocks at Clarksburg, W. Va.

Clarksburg, W. Va., June 1.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt in this city at 2:02 p. m. yesterday lasting twelve seconds, and followed by a second shock, milder and of shorter duration. The most substantial buildings in the city rocked perceptibly, and some of the occupants were unable to keep their feet. This was the first earthquake reported here since the memorable Charleston quake in August, 1886.

Wheeling, W. Va., June 1.—At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a distinct earthquake shock was felt all over Wheeling and in the surrounding towns. No damage was done so far as could be learned. The quake lasted about thirty seconds and was violent enough to shake brick buildings slightly.

Huntington, W. Va., June 1.—A distinct shock of earthquake lasting ten seconds was felt here at 2:08 yesterday afternoon. It was felt generally throughout southern West Virginia from west to east.

SCARED THE HOLIDAY MAKERS.

Quiver Was Felt All Over Ohio, Causing a Panic at Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, June 1.—Special dispatches to The Times-Star report an earthquake felt distinctly all over Ohio. Shortly after 1 o'clock the earthquake was felt here and in the suburbs. The printers ran out of The Times-Star office. Occupants of other buildings were alarmed, and at Coney Island, Chester Park, the Zoological gardens, and elsewhere there was consternation among the holiday crowds. At the lagoon on the Kentucky side there was a panic among several thousand people on the grounds. The waters in the lagoon were so rough that the life saving-crew went to the relief of those out in the electric pleasure boats.

Zanesville, O., June 1.—The earthquake shock was felt here at about 1 p. m. yesterday. The Courier building of four stories exhibited decided vibrations. To such an extent was this noticed and experienced that employes on the fourth and third floors deserted, hurrying below greatly frightened.

Winston, N. C., June 1.—Three severe shocks of earthquake were felt here at 2 p. m. yesterday. Wild excitement prevailed, but no damage was done.

Asheville, N. C., June 1.—At 1:59 p. m. yesterday an earthquake shock very perceptibly shock Asheville. Hundreds of occupants of buildings ran into the streets. No damage was done.

Atlanta, Ga., June 1.—A shock of earthquake was clearly felt here at 1 p. m. yesterday. The trembling was not severe and there was no excitement.

Spartanburg, S. C., June 1.—A distinct earthquake, shaking buildings and rattling windows, was felt here at 1:55 p. m. yesterday. It was as severe as that of August, 1886.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 1.—Two distinct shocks of earthquake were felt in Knoxville yesterday afternoon at 1:15 o'clock. The shocks were general throughout the city, although many people did not feel them. Reports vary as to the length of the shocks, some claiming that they were at least a half minute in length. Several large buildings were shaken and two chimneys fell. Reports from all over eastern Tennessee indicate that in places the shock was felt stronger than in Knoxville.

Louisville, June 1.—A distinct earthquake shock was felt in this city shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. No damage was done. The shock lasted about five seconds. The vibrations passed from south to north, and were felt at Lexington and other points in this state.

Indianapolis, June 1.—At 1 p. m. yesterday a slight earthquake shock was felt here. The shock was most noticeable in the fire tower and high buildings.

JOHN F. JOHNSON SENTENCED.

The Indiana Bank-Wrecker Gets Ten Years in the Penitentiary.

Indianapolis, May 29.—Ten years in the penitentiary. That is the reward Jno. F. Johnson has earned by robbing and wrecking the State National bank, of Logansport. Judge Baker pronounced the sentence yesterday morning on a plea of guilty by the prisoner. Johnson's wife, devoted in time of trial, was present, and neither she nor her husband showed signs of emotion. Mrs. Johnson was heavily veiled, however, and her face could not be seen. Johnson will doubtless prove a model prisoner, and in doing this will reduce his time to about seven years. The court room was crowded during the pleading and sentence and the chief culprit had to sit by and see a number of ordinary criminals get their deserts, one getting a year for passing five counterfeit dimes.

THE WORK IN CONGRESS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the National Lawmakers.

Washington, May 28.—The senate got through ten pages of the tariff bill yesterday, the committee amendments being agreed to on every vote. The final conference report on the sundry civil bill was agreed to. Cleveland's forestry reserve proclamation is suspended until next March.

In the house a resolution to recognize the belligerency of the Cuban rebels was ruled out of order by the speaker, who was sustained by the house. Adjourned to Monday.

Washington, May 29.—The senate yesterday sent to the committee on contingent expenses a resolution of Tillman to investigate whether this senate and the senate of 1894 had sold out to the sugar trust. Tillman made a characteristic speech, taking for his base charges made by special correspondents. Thirteen pages of the tariff bill were disposed of, the committee amendments being agreed to everytime.

Washington, May 31.—The senate Saturday appropriated $10,000 for the destitute at El Paso, Tex. The tariff bill was taken up and during the debate Morgan severely criticised the house for being under "one-man power," as held. He was called to order for violating a fundamental parliamentary law against criticising a co-ordinate legislative body. Only one page of the tariff bill was disposed of in the plate glass schedule.

Washington, June 1.—There was a good attendance on the floor of the house and in the galleries yesterday, notwithstanding the outside attractions. On account of the day the Republican leaders had requested the Democrats to permit a recess until today. Several Democrats objected, but a motion by Dingley to adjourn to today was carried without any business being done. The session did not last half an hour. The Democratic objectors to adjournment wanted to hold the Republicans to their semi-weekly session policy.

NOTABLE ATHLETIC EVENTS.

Yale Rows Away from Wisconsin—Naval Cadet Victory Over "Pennsy."

New Haven, Conn., May 31.—Yale won the two-mile boat race from the University of Wisconsin on Lake Saltonstall Saturday afternoon by about three lengths in 10:54, the Wisconsin eight finishing ten seconds behind. From start to finish the visiting crew gave Yale a good battle. Both eights rowed evenly, Yale spurting ahead as soon as Referee Richards' pistol shot was fired and never being overtaken, although the Yale stroke was lowered during the last half mile and the Wisconsin crew decreased the distance between the two boats by half a length.

Annapolis, Md., May 31.—The naval cadet crew won the boat race from the University of Pennsylvania crew by seven lengths. Cadets' time, 13:17; University of Pennsylvania, 14:15. The race started at 6:30 p. m.; distance two miles. The water was very rough, the Pennsylvanians catching several "crabs," while the cadets never missed a stroke.

Detroit, May 31.—The second annual dual field and track athletic meeting between the University of Michigan and the University of Chicago was held at the Detroit Athletic club grounds Saturday afternoon and resulted in an overwhelming victory for Michigan by a score of 94 points to 46.

PRESBYTERIANS GET THROUGH.

Shortest Session of the General Assembly in Eight Years.

Eagle Lake, Ind., May 29.—The Presbyterian general assembly, which adjourned last night, was the shortest session in eight years. In spite of the desire to finish up its business last night there was little unusual haste, and the record of the debate on temperance in the afternoon showed that it was ready to defer adjournment, if necessary, in order to attain a suitable and reasonable decision of the questions that remained to be decided. The proceedings of the day were important, the final disappearance of the question of assembly control of theological seminaries being not the least significance of the assembly's general attitude.

The business done during the day may be summarized as follows: Statement in favor of the banishment of liquor selling from government buildings, and approval of every legitimate effort to suppress the liquor traffic; third Sunday of October set apart as temperance day; the assembly laid on the table the matter of the use of wine at the Princeton alumni banquet; a petition to allow a colored church in Texas to join an Arkansas presbytery was decided in the negative, because it tended to recognize color distinctions in the church.

Frightful Coaching Accident.

New York, June 1.—Five young people were killed and a number of others injured in an accident which occurred yesterday afternoon at Valley stream, Long Island. A tally-ho with a party of twenty-one excursionists from the Greene Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, which started out for a day's outing through Long Island, was struck by a train on the Long Island railroad at the Merrick boulevard crossing, and these were instantly killed: George F. Fashley, Jr., William Gilchrist, Jr., Winslow Lewis, Lester W. Roberts, and Miss Dora Burtsch—all of Brooklyn.

Indianapolis Road Race.

Indianapolis, June 1.—Elmer Pierce, of Brazil, won the time prize bicycle race, doing the course—13:25 miles— in 36:56. The race was won by Harry Cordon in 37:59, from a five-minute start. The road was bad, and the time-prize winner perfomed a great feat.

Chicago Road Race.

Chicago, June 1.—W. D. Smedley, Calumet club, won the Chicago road race. E. Sickles, Morgan Park, was second, and W. Roeder, Calumet, third. Time of winner, 1:07 1-5. It was the eleventh annual road race of the Associated Cycling clubs.

Killed by a Folding Bed.

Montpelier, Vt., June 1.—A folding bed at the Union house closed automatically during Saturday night, while Henry Kendall, aged 63, was asleep in it. He was dead when taken out, having either been smothered or died of heart failure induced by fright.

Howard Mann Wins the Handicap.

New York, June 1.—Howard Mann won the Brooklyn handicap yesterday by two lengths; Lake Shore second; Volley, third. Time 2:02.

NINE PEOPLE KILLED.

HEAVY FREIGHT TRAIN RUNS AWAY DOWN A HILL

And Crashes Into a Passenger Train, Wrecking Both Engines and Twenty Freight Cars—Eight Others Wounded, Two Fatally—Names of Four of the Dead, Five Others Being Unidentified.

Pocatello, Ida., May 28.—A head-end collision between a freight and a passenger train at American Falls, twenty-five miles west of here, at 4:30 p. m. yesterday caused the death so far as is known of nine men, and the serious injury of eight others. Two of the latter will die. This is the worst wreck that has occurred on the Short Line in many years. The west-bound passenger was waiting for the freight at American Falls, standing in front of the station building. The freight coming east ran away on the hill west of American Falls. It is thought that the air was tampered with. The freight, running fifty miles an hour, crashed into the passenger train, which was already backing up, right in front of the station. Two men were on the station platform; one was killed and the other fatally injured. The station building was shattered. Both engines were converted into scrap iron and twenty freight cars piled up in a heap.

Lists of the Dead and Injured.

The dead are: C. W. Shields, residence unknown; D. L. Thompson, Dayton, Wash.; John R. Cooper, Wellsville, Utah.; J. Steffen, Dillon, Mont.; five unknown men, all sheep shearers, beating their way. The injured are: G. W. Brennan, Pearl, Idaho; F. D. Springer, Dayton, Wash.; John Gergan, Brigham, Utah; John Peters, residence unknown—each has a leg broken; William Connelly, Great Barrington, Mass., crushed and bowels torn out, will die. George Moore, the engineer of the freight, is seriously injured, sustaining a compound fracture. The fireman, Dick Cosgrove, had a leg broken. C. E. Heckman, engineer of the passenger, sustained slight injuries. He stayed with his engine until he had reversed it. The conductor and brakeman were on top of the freight setting the brakes, and Fireman Cosgrove had climbed back to help when the crash came.

WATERS BREAK LOOSE ONCE MORE.

El Paso People Have Another Fight Against the Inundation.

Dallas, Tex., May 28.—A special to The News from El Paso, Tex., says: Yesterday morning the river showed a rise of six inches over Wednesday night, and the water was sweeping down the river at a terrific rate. Early in the morning the head gate of the canal, which is above the levee, began to give way, and 500 men with logs, sacks of sand and willow bales, were put to work to prevent a break at the headgate, while about 1,000 men were stretched along the improvised levee at the other side of the city where the water continued to creep up. At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the headgate gave way with a rush and a roar, the river pouring into the canal. The fire alarm was sounded to warn people in the lower districts, and in an instant the city was in such wild confusion that for half an hour it was impossible to make any organized effort to take another stand against the waters, which were soon over the banks of the canal, inundating the territory through which it passed on both sides.

The people living along the banks of the canal are the poor laboring classes, and their homes were soon under water. Fathers and mothers had to wade through the water from their homes, taking their children in their arms. The houses being in most cases built of adobe, melted away at the touch of the rushing torrents, and household furniture, clothing, etc., were floating around in all directions, while men were at work trying to keep the waters from crossing the Santa Fe yards, where they would flood the passenger station and then pour down on the gas and electric light works and numerous manufacturing plants and wholesale houses located just north of the Santa Fe yards.

STOPPED AN ANARCHIST PICNIC.

Police Raid It Because Beer Was Being Sold on Sunday.

Pittsburg, June 1.—An anarchist picnic at a grove near Glenwood was raided Sunday by the police and forty-seven men were taken prisoners. The charge preferred against the prisoners is disorderly conduct and breaking the city ordinance which prohibits the sale of beer on a picnic ground. It is claimed that lotteries were also in operation, and several rifles and a large lot of bullets were captured which the men said were to be used in a shooting gallery which had not been erected at the time of the raid.

The picnic was being held in celebration of the release a few days ago of Henry Bauer and Carl Nold from the penitentiary, where they had served four years for inciting riot at Homestead at the time of the big strike at that place. Bauer and Nold, who were among those arrested, say the action of the police is an outrage, and some one will be made to suffer for it.

WOMAN SUSPECTED OF MURDER.

Charge Is That Her Husband Was the Victim Nearly Two Years Ago.

Rock Island, Ills., June 1.—Mrs. Osbar, wife of Hans Osbar, a prominent German citizen of Davenport, is under $3,500 bonds here charged with arson. She was the wife of the late Adam Alday, of Moline, whose residence was destroyed by fire in January, 1896. Alday died in October, 1895, in a somewhat mysterious manner. Joseph Kipp, also under arrest, has confessed to setting fire to the Alday homestead. He says that he did so at the instigation of Mrs. Alday, who promised him in payment a Jersey cow and $40.

Alday's sons, William and Edward, have started suit to break their father's will, alleging that he was not in his right mind when it was made. They also allege that his death was caused by poison, placed in his food during his illness. Adam Alday was wealthy. His body may be exhumed in an attempt to prove the sons' allegation. Startling developments are promised.

American Falls in a Cuban Fight.

Havana, May 28.—A body of guerrillas had a skirmish with fifty insurgents near Cienfuegos. The latter left dead upon the field Colonel Charles Gordon, an American, and another foreigner who was not identified.

DECORATION DAY AT CHICAGO.

Great Parade of the Veterans Through the Streets of the City.

Chicago, June 1.—Decoration Day in this city covered three days. Friday of last week the schools celebrated. Sunday was the day for decorating the graves, and Monday the veterans, military and civic societies held the annual parade. Sunday song and religious services were held in all the cemeteries in the city, at which the members of the various G. A. R. posts assigned to decorate the graves were present. Special sermons were preached in most of the churches in honor of the occasion, and vocal and instrumental music, essays and recitations, appropriate to the day were heard. All over the country the day has been observed, both in the large cities and the smaller towns.

Saturday celebrations were held at many points in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin and other states west and east, in the latter case, in some states, the law requiring the holiday to be celebrated on the day preceding the 30th when that day falls on Sunday. Here General John McNulta Sunday delivered the oration at the Grant monument at Lincoln park. The arrangements were in charge of U. S. Grant post, No. 28. It assembled at 9:30 a. m. at the main entrance to the Academy of Science building and marched to the monument. In the afternoon the post went to Rosehill. During the day all the cemeteries in which the dead of the war are buried were visited by posts assigned to the duty and apppropriate memorial services were held. Lincoln's monument was profusely decorated.

RED WAR THREATENED.

The Cheyenne Indians Seem to Need a Severe Lesson.

Helena, Mont., June 1.—The Cheyenne Indians have gone on the warpath and are said to have killed almost a dozen men, including five United States soldiers. The Indians have no reservation of their own, but roam over the southern part of the state near the Crow Indian reservation. The white settlers are up in arms, and women and children are being sent into the northern towns for safety. The Cheyennes make the Lame Deer agency their headquarters. Hoover, a sheep herder, was recently shot while herding sheep, and it was proven that Indians did it. He was killed because he caught several Indians killing sheep. This so incensed the stockmen that they have armed themselves and will fight to protect their homes, help and stock.

Two companies of colored cavalry from Custer were ordered to the agency Wednesday, and Saturday a courier arrived from the agency with information that George Walters, the postmaster, and Lou Anderson, a stockman, had been shot and killed; also that the Indians had shot into the cavalry and killed five and had sixty armed cowboys surrounded. The cavalry from Fort Keough and Company E of the infantry left Saturday for the scene. There are certainly grounds for fear. The Cheyennes are determined and they are being reinforced by renegade Crows. Rosebud ranchers received a consignment of rifles and ammunition at this point Monday. Settlers have moved all their families from near the reservation.

Novel Case of Grave Desecration.

Jackson, Cal., June 1.—Sunday it was noticed that the grave of Mrs. T. Rice, who was buried in the public cemetery here last Wednesday, had been disturbed. Gloves of the pall-bearers, which had been thrown on the casket at the funeral, were found on the surface. The grave was re-opened. The outer box containing the casket was found broken and the cover of the casket had been lifted. The corpse was there and there was no evidence that the body had been touched.

Opposed to Cuban Annexation.

Washington, June 1.—President McKinley is unalterably opposed to the annexation of Cuba by this country, and in that determination he is unanimously indorsed by the cabinet. Minister De Lome has been told of this position of the president. Such a declaration on the part of the administration is looked upon as of material advantage in clearing the way for the exercise of the government's good offices to terminate the war.

United Brethren Conference.

Richmond, Ind., June 1.—Bishop Dillon, of Dayton, O., presided over yesterday's session of the United Brethren quadrennial conference at Dublin, Ind. The publishing house report showed assets of $9,660 in excess of those of four years ago. The committee on education recommended that the new college at Huntington, Ind., be called Central college, and that a theological department be opened soon. This college is worth $75,000, all gifts.

State of Things in Bradley's State.

Owingsville, Ky., June 1.—The situation is threatening. Garner's gate is in danger from reinforced raiders. A leading citizen of Montgomery county stated that the free turnpikers in that county have threatened to come to the assistance of their brethren in Bath county when the troops leave, and wreak vengeance on the officers at Owingsville.

Call for the Republican League.

Cincinnati, June 1.—President D. D. Woodmansee and Secretary M. J. Dowling have issued a call for the tenth annual convention of the national Republican League at Detroit July 16. Each state and territorial league is entitled to four delegates from each congressional district and six delegates at large.

Woman Arrested for Murder.

Atlanta, Ga., June 1.—Mrs. Z. A. Godfrey, 40 years old, handsome and wealthy, daughter of Hon. Benjamin Dugger, was arrested yesterday for murder. She was indicted on the testimony of her children, who swore that six years ago she strangled and buried her daughter's illegitimate child.

Young Farmer Hangs Himself.

Chicago, June 1.—Ambrose Hunter, a young farmer living near Miles Center, in this county, hung himself yesterday morning after a quarrel over a trivial matter with his sweetheart, Emma Rohen. The young woman's home is in Madison, Wis.

No Market Report.

Chicago, June 1.—Decoration Day being a legal holiday there was no market report.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, May 28.—An attempt to get up the anti-cigarette bill in the senate yesterday failed—23 to 19. The tax levy bill was advanced to third reading. A resolution was adopted declaring it the policy of the state to make a navigable channel of the drainage canal. Bills passed: Providing manual training departmetns in high schools; authorizing county supervisors to name judges of election for each precinct, the supervisor to be one of the judges; increasing the salaries of supreme court judges to $7,000 per year; to compel the placing of blowers in metal polishing machines. The enacting clause was stricken out of the compulsory vaccination bill. The senatorial apportionment bill was advanced to third reading. The congressional apportionment bill was made the special order for next Tuesday.

The house spent the whole day on the Allen street railway bill, Curtis in the chair. There was a redhot debate and finally the bill was made the special order on third reading for today. A motion to strike out the enacting clause was defeated—67 to 84. The bill was amended so as to refer to the people applications for franchises extending over twenty years. An amendment providing that the wages of street car employes shall not be less than 22½ cents an hour nor the time worked per day more than ten hours was defeated.

Springfield, May 29.—The senate was in session only fifteen minutes yesterday an agreement having been entered into Thursday to transact no business of importance until next Tuesday. A number of appropriation bills were advanced to third reading, among them the bill appropriating $1,000 to paint a portrait of ex-Governor Altgeld.

The house passed the bill authorizing any company owning a bridge connecting any city in this state with a city in another state to own and operate a street railway across the bridge and in this state. The Allen street railway bill then came up on its passage and was passed without debate—55 to 60. The bill extending the civil rights bill to elevators in public buildings, ice cream parlors, etc., was passed. The congressional apportionment bill was advanced to third reading. Other bills passed: The state board of pardons bill; to authorize the use of voting machine; regulating the sale of cocaine. Adjourned to Monday afternoon.

Springfield, Ills., June 1.—The senate held a brief session yesterday, transacted no business of general interest and adjourned. The house convened at 5 o'clock with Selby in the chair and remained in session until 7:40. A large amount of business was transacted. Among the bills advanced to third reading were the gas frontage and consolidation bills, which were made special order on the third reading for today. The anti-department store bill was made special order on third reading for Thursday morning. The senate libel bill was made special order on third reading for tomorrow morning. The senate compulsory education bill was ordered to third reading.

Bloomington Holds a Mardi Gras.

Bloomington, Ills., June 1.—Bloomington's first May carnival has passed into history, and was a success beyond the fondest hopes of those who labored for its consummation. It attracted to the city one of the largest crowds ever seen in Bloomington. It was a series of spectacles that were heartily enjoyed, and proved to be an encouraging stimulus to trade. The grand pageant contained thirty floats. They were all beautiful, especially the chariot of Rex, on which sat the king, attired in carmine and royal purple. Miss Nellie L. Ryan, one of Bloomington's beauties, sat enthroned upon an immense globe, attended by four maids of honor.

Will Put 12,000 Men at Work.

Streator, Ills., May 28.—At a mass-meeting of miners here yesterday it was decided to go to work at the scale offered by the operators of the northern Illinois district, which was based on a rate of 52½ cents a ton for the Streator field with a differential of 10 cents in favor of the LaSalle and Braidwood fields. This practically ends the suspension of work in this district, where 12,000 miners are employed.

Went to Marry and Was Buried.

Mascoutah, Ills., May 28.—Barth Klein, a young merchant of Freeburg, left that place last Friday for Mexico, Mo., to marry Mary Ciacher, to whom he had been engaged for some time. Klein reached the home of his intended bride, and while picnicking with a party of friends there was suddenly stricken with heart disease and died in a few minutes.

State Notes.

The body of George Murrow was found in the ruins of the Armour pepsin factory at Chicago. He was the watchman and had been missing since the fire which destroyed the plant.

The Illinois woman suffrage convention at Waukegan elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Julia Mills Dunn, Moline; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Alice Morgan Reeves, Chicago; recording secretary, Mrs. Jennie C. Hutchins, Chicago.

Thomas Marrin, aged 70, while driving in a one-horse cart at Fithian, Ills., was in some way thrown under the horse's feet and instantly killed.

Daniel Boone, His Historic Tree.

Bristol, Tenn., June 1.—The state agent of the Tennessee Centennial exposition, recently sent to investigate the advisability of cutting down and removing to the exposition the noted Boone tree, has advised against it, expressing the belief that the tree is good to stand a century longer. The tree is still in a fair state of preservation, and still visible on it is the inscription cut in its bark by Daniel Boone almost a century and a half ago. The inscription reads: "D. Boone, Cilled a bar on tree in The year 1760."

Czar and Wife Attend a Requiem.

St. Petersburg, June 1.—The czar and czarina attended a requiem mass at the imperial church, Peterhoff, in memory of the victims of the terrible panic of May 30, 1896, on Khodinsky plain, Moscow, at the time of the festivities attending the coronation of his majesty, when several thousand people were crushed to death.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, May 26.

Fire destroyed the wholesale grocery store of Smith Bros., and badly damaged the grocery stock of J. M. Dixon & Co., on Bay street, Savannah, Ga. Loss, $60,000; fully insured.

During a display of fireworks at Nantes, France, four persons were killed and a score of people were injured by the explosion of a bomb.

The New York Herald's correspondent in Guatemala cables that the government has issued a decree suspending specie payments for six months.

The supreme court of Missouri affirmed the sentence against Pollard, colored, for killing Joseph Irvin in St. Joseph in July, 1895, and fixed June 25, 1897, as the date for the execution.

Reports from Mason and Carson valleys, Nev., are to the effect that the late frosts have killed most of the fruit crops in those places.

Thursday, May 27.

William Johnson and a man named Schaffer were instantly killed and others seriously injured by the explosion of a boiler in a sawmill at Glenhazel, Elk county, Pa.

Obituary: At Owensboro, Ky., Dr. F. J. Kimbley, late surgeon general of Kentucky. At Mobile, Ala., Mrs. Janie Graham Rossell. At London, Baron Monk-Bretton, 72.

James McNaspy, once a prosperous broker of Berington, Kan., and prominent in state politics, has been sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary for forgery. He is said to have realized $10,000 on forged notes.

The body of John Hoover, a missing sheep herder, was found about two miles from a ranch near Miles City, Mont., with two bullet holes through his body, and his dog was killed by his side, both being killed by Indians.

The seven-story warehouse belonging to the Johnson Chair company, at Chicago, burned. Loss, $55,000; insurance, $40,000.

Friday, May 28.

A French cyclist named Garaud, a plumber by trade, recently rode around the coping of a house in course of construction for a wager. The coping stone was barely two feet wide, and was about fifty feet from the ground.

The St. Onge and O'Neill Dry Goods company, of Providence, R. I., has assigned. The paid-in capital stock is about $20,000, while the liabilities may reach $70,000.

Trainers of prize fighters can not look to the California courts to assist them in the collection of training fees. Judge Seawell, of San Francisco, so decided in the suit of J. J. Rauer against Thomas Sharkey.

Marquis Ito says Japan would not "have Hawaii if it could be had for the asking."

Saturday, May 29.

William T. Powers and John Lattimore, both colored, were hanged in the county jail at Chicago. They were both found guilty of murder, their victims being men.

Obituary: At Calumet, Mich., Rev. W. A. Haunsberger, 73. At Glencoe, Ills., Miss Laura A. Newbury. At Terre Haute, Ind., John H. Williams. At Charlotte, Mich., Benjamin Stewart, 88.

A hundred thousand dollar set of emeralds will be Queen Victoria's present from the czar and czarina.

James G. Blaine, son of the late secretary of state, is being treated at the Keeley institute at West Plains, N. Y.

Mrs. Margaret Kelly, of Carroll, Ia., celebrated the 107th anniversary of her birthday.

Monday, May 31.

Elisha Spooner, of Orland, Ind., was killed by the cars at Sterling, O., where he had gone to make a visit. He was hard of hearing and drove in front of an approaching train.

Herman Hohr, aged 24, stoppped his team while harrowing corn near Davenport, Ia., and cut his throat. He was discouraged because his corn was not sprouting well. He leaves a young widow.

Governor Tanner has pardoned Thomas Brown, of Springfield, out of the state reformatory at Pontiac, where he was confined for petty larceny.

In a railroad collision in North Carolina a 4-year-old child at an open car window was thrown out of the window by the shock, but escaped injury.

George Green (Young Corbett) has signed articles of agreement for a fight with Danny Needham to take place before Brady's new Eastern club some time in July.

Tuesday, June 1.

Owing to the financial crisis, the government of Brazil will reduce all official salaries, beginning with the president and ministers of state.

Official reports state that over 200 cases of black plague broke out in two of the largest towns in Formosa during the first week in May.

French paupers are provided for by the funds arising from a 10 per cent tax on theater tickets. This tax averages 10,000,000 francs a year.

At a depth of about twenty feet, well-diggers on the Arthur Leadbetter farm, a mile and a half from Palmyra, Wis., in a spur of the Kittle Moraine, found several pieces of pure copper.

The ballots used by voters of Baltimore in 1896 were destroyed recently. It took four big furnaces an hour and a quarter to burn the 107,981 tickets.

It is proposed to connect Boston and East Boston with a $6,000,000 steel bridge.

Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

Cures of Scrofula in severest forms, Salt Rheum, with intense itching and burning, scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

Cures of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, by toning and making rich, red blood.

Cures of Nervousness and That Tired Feeling, by feeding nerves, muscles and tissues on pure blood. For book of cures by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner [illegible]. 25c.

LOOKED LIKE A SKIN.

HOW MORRISSEY AND SCOVEL BEAT A PAT STRAIGHT AND THREE ACES.

Raises at the Proper Time and of Correct Amounts Did the Trick—Morrissey Got $1,000 Out of the Pot, Scovel Got the Rest and the Others Got Left.

The passing of the Crystal saloon. Gone, but not forgotten. Erected in 1798. Razed only a few days ago. The Crystal saloon, which adjoined the Frear House, was for over 40 years the principal and about the only rendezvous for sporting men in this city. It was the resort of such well known men as John Morrissey, John Daly, Colonel Jim Scovel and others. Stories have been told of plays of faro when the limit was the sky, and where the checks were piled on a card as high as the ceiling.

Many good stories are told of big games played in the Crystal. One of the best is of the great poker game in which the late John Morrissey and Colonel Jim Scovel were the two important players. It was nearly 30 years ago. It was a bleak December night. This was before Scovel was sent to the United States senate by the Jerseyites, and when Morrissey was at the height of his prominence. It was a six handed game of draw. The game had been lagging on for three hours without any excitement. Morrissey was about $3,000 winner. Scovel was a loser of about half that much. The play which made this story came up about 2 o'clock in the morning. John was the dealer, Scovel sat to his left and was the first man to speak. It was a $20 "jack."

"Pass," said the big colonel, never looking at his hand.

The next man did the same as Scovel, but the player who followed him opened it for $120, the size of the pot. The next man stayed, the next passed, and when it came to Morrissey he tilted it $360. It was now Scovel's turn. There was $820 now in the center. Scovel was a poker player of the old school. He would lay down fours as quickly as the amateur would draw four cards to an ace when it cost $100, and he would play a three card flush if the pot was worth winning at all. Scovel looked at his hand when Morrissey had finished putting in the checks. He stared at John for a few moments, all the time fumbling his checks, and then in a cool way went down in his inside pocket and pulled out a large wallet.

"I'll raise you $810," Jim said.

The man who had opened the pot saw both raises, for he sat with a nice pat straight in his hand, and the next fellow put in $1,170. Morrissey was nonplused when it came to him. It was at least 15 minutes before he put in the $810.

"I'm in so much I might as well stay," he remarked, as he picked up the deck. "How many, Jim?"

"Three," answered Scovel, "and see that they are good ones."

"Oh, I've got you beat," chirped John, as he dealt out the required number.

"I'll play these," was the answer of the man who held the pat straight.

"That's a good thing," said Morrissey, looking in a surprised way at the man.

"Give me two," was the order of the next man, and he got them.

"Well, I only want one, and I don't need it at that," remarked Morrissey, as he took the top card.

The man who had opened was one of those fellows who are always afraid of a one card draw, and he merely chipped 25 cents. The next man was there with three aces cold, and he threw a $50 greenback in the center. It was now Morrissey's turn. He had "skinned" his hand off two or three times.

"Five hundred better," said he, without moving a muscle.

During the play Scovel had been leaning back in his chair watching his opponents. The "gallery," which is the name used for the spectators who congregate around the table, was more excited than the players. The center of the table was piled with bills.

"It seems like a shame," exclaimed Scovel, "but I'm going to raise you $2,500, John," and suiting the action to the word he counted off that amount in bills and threw it in the middle.

The man with the pat straight passed without hesitating, and the next with three aces concluded that his hand wasn't worth $3,000 more, so he, too, dropped out.

"How about splitting the pot, Jim?" asked Morrissey.

"Never," replied Scovel, "but I'll let you take your last raise out."

"Make it $1,000," said Morrissey, "and I'll go you."

"All right," said Scovel. "What'd you have?"

"A lalla-pa-loosa," answered big John, and threw his hand to Scovel. There was a jack of hearts and a deuce, tray, four and five of diamonds.

Scovel turned his hand over and showed the jack of diamonds, queen of hearts, jack and seven of clubs, and ace of spades; he had a solitary pair of jacks. Talk about consternation. The man who had passed on three aces made the air blue, and the pat straight fellow fell unconscious. Scovel treated the house and took a cab to Albany. "If I had only thought you was bluffing," said Morrissey, "I'd have sent you to Philadelphia on a freight train."

There was $8,071 in the pot, which Scovel won with a pair of jacks.—Troy Observer.

The great wall of China is 1,500 miles long and traverses high mountains, deep valleys and, by means of arches, wide rivers. The foundations and corners are of granite, but the principal part is of blue bricks. The last official account of the population of China gives a total of upward of 400,000,000.

The waste land of the United Kingdom, including mountains, heath and common, is estimated at 40 per cent.

HIGH HEELS IN EGYPT.

Slippers Seem to Be In High Favor With Cairo Women.

It is hard to find a neat, well fitting shoe in Cairo, because the woman of the fellah class goes barefooted and the woman of the harem wears slippers. Egypt has no middle class of a size to count for anything. The shoe, when one discovers it, is too broad for the foot of a European. It is round toed and without an instep, for the use of a splay footed generation. It has either no heel or else one that puts the "common sense" models to shame. It is a clumsy adaptation of its European prototype, useful, probably, but certainly not ornamental.

The slipper is a different thing. In its lowest state it is bright colored. It is a thing of the soil and seems a part of the foot that has shuffled along in it for centuries. The cheaper slippers worn by the women of Cairo are a vivid red or yellow. They are very loose, but are too flexible to be altogether awkward. They have soles almost as thin as paper and no heels. To walk in them is an art that can't be learned in one generation, but needs to be developed through heredity, for they are always trodden down at the back, and it takes toes as clever as fingers to hold them in position.

But Egyptian women can jump as nimbly as others from extreme to extreme, and every mother's daughter of them who can afford it wears stiltlike Louis Quinze heels. The women of the wealthier classes are odd sights in their batlike, black cloaks and white yakmaks, tilting through the streets with a liberal display of pink silk stockings and blue satin slippers that look fitter for a ballroom. Feet are all that a veiled woman can display, and she makes the most of them. In the narrow streets that lead from the muski one may see in a ten minutes' walk any morning stockings and slippers of all the hues of the rainbow. The shapeless silk cloaks that are universal for outdoor wear are cut conveniently short to display black slippers embroidered with gold, white slippers beaded with blue, yellow satin slippers with white lace rosettes and dozens of red silk slippers with black beading. In Matarieh, Helouan and other suburban villages, where many of the pashas keep their harems, so that their wives may not buy out the jewelers' bazaars of Cairo, the display of footgear is even more striking.

The women who have the largest fortunes invested in stockings and slippers are not apparently young and are oftener than not of unwieldy figures. The feet of Egyptian women are not small, and these gay slippers are apt to be in big sizes. They are frequently soiled and spotted, for the streets of Cairo are dirty, but they add to the picturesqueness of outdoor life and to one's appreciation of the ingenuity of women.—New York Tribune.

RUSSIAN HUNTING DOGS.

The Laikas Furnish Food, Draw Sledges and Supply Clothing to Their Owners.

Harding Cox writes about laikas, or the northern dogs, to the London Field.

"The duties of the true laika," he says, "are of an extremely varied nature. Among the Chinese about 1,000,000 are eaten every year, while in Russia the beast is trained for all sorts of hunting—squirrels, bear, deer, snipe, capercailzie, ermine, sable, and all the other beasts are taken with them, even the wolves. It is estimated that nearly 1,000,000 rubles' worth of game is taken every year with the aid of the laikas in Russia. Prince Schirinsky, a Russian noble, is trying to get a cross between the laika and some setter or retriever, believing that he would thereby obtain a dog which would make as nearly a perfect hunting dog as is possible.

"In the polar swamps the laikas are used in drawing sledges, as well as hunting, by the natives, while their warm pelts are made to serve as coats and trousers.

"The laika has an upright, pointed ear, which the dog pricks when excited. The muzzle is long and sharp, but powerful, set to a broad forehead. The body is strong and at the quarters broad and powerful. The ribs are big and long. The chest is deep and broad. The legs are for running, while the coat is thick, having 'cotton' under the hair, which makes it warm.

"The chief colors are from black and black and tan to grayish, but the dogs are never spotted in the pure blood. A few of these dogs can stop a bear or anything else easily. The dogs are just short of two feet higher."

Artificial Petroleum.

Among the achievements of science is the production of petroleum from linseed oil by distillation under pressure. Two theories have been held as to the origin of petroleum. One is that it is of vegetable, the other of animal origin. It is not unlikely that it may be a combination of both. Animal and vegetable oils filter through the ground and might by changes in the chemical laboratory of nature produce this substance. At all events, the fact is significant and interesting, especially as several petroleum hydrocarbons have resulted from the experiments as noted.—New York Ledger.

Bunkoed.

The elephant trumpeted loudly.

"What's the trouble?" asked the chimpanzee.

"Somebody's worked the shell game on me," replied the pachyderm as he threw away the bag of empty peanut shells which had just been handed to him.—Philadelphia North American.

The Real Estate Man's Pet Story.

Opdike (discussing their new flat)—The real estate agent said that my wife and I could have the flat for $25 a month, but that he would charge any one else $30.

Fathergill—That was the offer he made me and my wife when we thought of taking it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

DEFENDED HIMSELF.

COST BANDMANN "A HUNDRED AND FIFTY, BUT WAS WORTH IT."

How Clay Clement Became an Expert Swordsman—After the Initial Encounter the Tragedian Forgot All About the Expensive Training.

Clay Clement is one of the most expert swordsmen on the American stage. His proficiency with the broadsword is due to a long course of training which he took many years ago under rather peculiar circumstances.

Young Clement carried a letter of introduction to Daniel Bandmann, the tragedian, and asked for an engagement. The old man was charmed with Clement's reading of Shakespeare and after a long elocutionary trial remarked in a rich brogue: "My poy, I think you vill do. You are engatched. But, tell me, are you able to defent yourself?"

"Why, yes; I guess so," doubtfully replied the young aspirant. "I don't know. I never had a fight in my life, but I think I could take care of myself in a pinch."

"Vell," continued Bandmann, "you'll haf to. I vant a man who can fight. Ven I play Richard, eet makes me sick—pah—if I must be kilt by a Richmond who could not kill a cheeken in real life. Ven I am Macbeth, vy shoult I be kilt by a fellow who could not carve a cheese? I am tired of et all. You must defent yourself. Do you know the broatsword?"

"Well, no—I don't," admitted Clement. "But couldn't I learn?" he added eagerly.

"Ha, yes—inspee-ration!" cried Bandmann. "You shall learn. Do you know my frient Colonel Monstery of Chicago? No? Neffer mind; I gif you a letter to him."

Turning to a writing desk, Bandmann wrote a letter of introduction and filled out a check for $25.

"Gif dose to my frient Monstery," he said, "and he vill show you how you shall defent yourself. That check vill pay for 25 lessons. If you feel you need more lesson, my letter say you shall take as many more as you like and the bill I vill pay. But, remember! You must fight; if not, I think I vill keel you—yes."

Clement came to Chicago to begin instruction. In this city he met several actors who formerly had been members of Bandmann's company. They all told the same story. The tragedian, they said, was a most dangerous antagonist in a stage duel, and very ofen forgot his surroundings and put up a real fight. If his opponent showed the white feather, the old man would fly into a paroxysm of rage and fight like a demon. On more than one occasion he had completely driven Richmond and Macduff off the stage.

These stories scared Clement half to death. He began to regard his training as a life and death matter, undertaken strictly in self defense. At the end of the 25 lessons he felt that he was only a beginner in swordsmanship, and instruction was continued week after week throughout the entire summer.

On the opening night of Bandmann's next season a letter was handed to the tragedian. It contained a bill "for professional instruction in sword practice—extra lessons for Mr. Clement on account of Mr. Bandmann—$150."

The old man gasped. "Vot!" he cried. "Are you drunk or am I crazy? A hundred fifty tollar! How ees eet? How can it pe?"

"Well, you sent me to Colonel Monstery yourself and gave him carte blanche to teach me as long as I needed instruction," explained Clement.

"Oh, my poy, my poy!" exclaimed Bandmann. "I sent you to Monstery—yes—but I deed not tell you to leeve with heem."

Suddenly the old man stopped. "Vell," he said, "how eez eet? Can you defent yourself?"

"I'll try," was the calm reply.

"So vill I," sententiously remarked Bandmann.

That night when Richard faced Richmond on Bosworth field there was a baleful gleam in the crooked backed monarch's eyes which none of the company ever had observed before. He sprang at his antagonist like a catamount; two swords clashed and a shower of sparks gave evidence of the force which sent them together. Then followed what was probably the prettiest and most scientific sword fight ever seen on the American stage. The old man fought wickedly, dangerously, desperately. The aggressor, at first, he pressed his young antagonist hard. The air was filled with sparks from the circling swords and the clash of steel was almost continuous. Then Clement began work in earnest. Step by step the bloody monarch was forced backward, and his blows were parried and beaten down, until at last, from sheer exhaustion, his grip was loosened and a deft blow sent his sword flying into the wings. A moment later Richmond's victorious troops were cheering over the death of Gloster and the play was ended.

A couple of solicitous actors helped Bandmann to his feet. Panting and almost breathless, he flung his arms about Clement, kissed him on both cheeks and exclaimed, "It cost me a hundret and fifty, but it was wort' it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

In a church in Dublin the choir was startled during the singing of the psalm by the appearance of the organ blower's head, who shouted: "Sing liko blazes! The bellows is bu'sted!"

Experiments with plants tend to show that in clear weather the evaporation by night as compared to that which takes place in the day appears to be in the ratio of one to five.

In Bavaria the title of prince only costs $5,000 and that of lord $2,500, while a simple "von" may be purchased for $375.

A DWARF IN BATTLE.

Casan Won Praise and Honor From the Great Genghis Khan.

From time to time Mrs. Mary Shears Roberts has contributed to St. Nicholas papers on "Historic Dwarfs." In one number she tells of Casan, a Tartar dwarf who took service under the great Mongolian khan. Mrs. Roberts thus describes his first appearance in battle:

Now, it so happened that Genghis, in order to subdue the deserters from his father's tribes, had dethroned several princes or khans. These petty chiefs had been in the habit of paying tribute to the great sovereign of the Kin empire in North China. This high and mighty potentate now demanded money from Genghis Khan, thereby rousing the ire of our Mongolian warrior, who announced that, rather than pay one cent for tribute he would fight the whole Chinese kingdom. Preparations for war were at once begun, and Casan was delighted when he received orders to join the army. At last his dream was realized. He was going to fight real battles, and he was in command of a body of troops. He bade adieu to his family and with a proud heart set out to meet his sovereign.

As a first step, Genghis Khan invaded western Hea, captured several strongholds and retired in the summer to a place called Lung Ting, in order to escape the great heat of the plains or steppes. While there news reached him that several other khans were preparing for war. He thereupon descended from the heights, marched against his foes and in a pitched battle on the river Irtish he overthrew them completely. Casan attracted a great deal of notice on this occasion. He was here, there and everywhere. On his mettlesome charger he bounded into the thickest of the fight, hurling his lance with unerring aim and displaying great courage.

After the fray he was summoned to appear before the conqueror, who complimented the dwarf, saying: "Thy valor and thy courage have completely justified thy promises. From this day forth thou shalt be a khan. Thou shalt have command of a large body of troops and shalt hereafter be my companion in arms."

COLLEGE FASHIONS.

When Judge Robert Grant Was a Freshman at Harvard.

With the beginning of the second term the freshmen were privileged to wear tall hats and carry canes. They always celebrated their emancipation on the first Saturday of the new term by going in force to the theater in all the splendor of their new possessions, and they were apt to show themselves on Beacon street, Boston, on the following Sunday. In regard to dress on weekdays I recall that among all the students a little round gray soft hat was very popular. The times were rather hard from 1870 to 1880, and many men went in for old clothes. Short pea jackets were in common use. Some of the arbiters of college fashion chose to wear silk hats with them when they wished to appear swell, thereby producing a somewhat mongrel effect. English clothes, or indeed a suit of new clothes, was so much an event that I recollect on the occasion when a member of the class of 1874 imported a suit of lively checks, his friends hung it outside the window of one of the buildings on exhibition.

The yard at that time, as very likely now, was often a lively center for amiable indolence. Besides tossing cents at a mark in front of Holworthy and dropping hot coppers out of the windows for the Cambridge urchins to pick up, I recall the slogan of "Heads out!" which brought every one to his window and from his books many times a week. No woman could cross the yard without hearing it, and events of much less import evoked it. Frequently we had the pleasure of listening to the Glee club, which was then a flourishing body whose repertoire included "Seeing Nellie Home" and "Dearest maiden, dance ever with me; can'st thou refuse me? can'st thou but choose me?" yet pandered to less noble emotions in "Shoo Fly" and the then popular

Ha-ha-ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, how I love thee!

—"Harvard College In the Seventies," by Judge Robert Grant, in Scribner's.

A Trumpeter's Courage.

During a French campaign in Africa many brave deeds were done, but none braver perhaps than Trumpeter Escoffier's rescue of his captain.

The Arabs were pressing the cavalry of Captain De Cott, and everything was in confusion, when De Cott's horse was killed under him and the capture of the officer and the whole company seemed inevitable.

At that moment the trumpeter of the company leaped from his horse and gave it to De Cott, saying: "Take him. Your life is necessary; mine is useless. You can rally the men. It does not matter about my neck."

De Cott mounted the horse, rallied the company and continued the fight. Trumpeter Escoffier was taken prisoner, but the Arabs, who adore courage, had witnessed the scene and, appreciating the nobility of the man, treated him with generosity. His trumpet was a source of great entertainment to his captors, who used often to make him give the signals of the various military movements. One day Escoffier gave the whole repertory with great gusto, finishing up by blowing the summons for a charge with an extended flourish.

"What was that?" asked the Arab chief.

"Ah," said Escoffier, "you will hear that soon, I hope! That is the signal for a charge!"—Youth's Companion.

A Breezy Way.

Soxey—That fellow Primpas is one of the nicest men I ever met. He has such a breezy way with him.

Knozey—Yes, I have noted his bracing air, but it never touched me.—Pittsburg News.

THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me. MRS. GEORGIE WASS, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

stand up
erable. One
thrown into my
I then got some
pound and Liver
feel like a new
of the past. I
for what it has

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to for more than five minutes, I felt so misday a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was house, and I sat right down and read it. of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com- Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I woman; my monthly suffering is a thing shall always praise the Vegetable Compound done for me.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild.

Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—MRS. CARRIE V. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C

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RECEIVER'S NOTICE.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF THE Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, made and entered therein on May 20th, 1897, in a certain cause therein pending wherein William Templeton, Administrator of the Estate of James M. Cleary, deceased, et al are Complainants, and George A. Head, et al are Defendants, the undersigned, as the Receiver of the property and effects of the firm of James M. Cleary & Company, hereby notifies all persons having claims against the said firm of James M. Cleary & Company to present their claims, verified by affidavit, to the Undersigned at Suite 522 Reaper Block, 95 Clark street, Chicago, Illinois, within 60 days from date hereof. All persons who fail to present their claims as aforesaid will be forever barred from participating in any dividend that may be declared therein, and will be barred from participating in the assets of said firm of James M. Cleary & Company.

Dated, Chicago, May 22nd 1897.

EDWARD B. HEALY, Receiver of James M. Cleary & Company. Suite 522 Reaper Block, Chicago

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DAVID SULLIVAN, MASTER, IN CHANCERY OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF COOK COUNTY.—822 REAPER BLOCK.

MASTER'S SALE—STATE OF ILLINOIS, County of Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County, In Chancery. Peter Cure and Henry F. Eidmann, Trustee, vs. Jesse G. Wells, Emma C. Wells, Edward Heath, and Richard T. Wittbeck. Gen. No. 180,799, Term No. 5,904.

Public Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a Decree made and entered by said Court, in the above entitled cause, on the Fourteenth day of May A. D. 1897, I, David Sullivan, Master in Chancery of the Superior Court of Cook County, will, on Monday, the Fourteenth day of June A. D. 1897, at the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, at the judicial sales-rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, sell at public sendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all and singular, the following described premises and real estate in said Decree mentioned, situate in the County of Cook, and State of Illinois, or so much thereof as shall be sufficient to satisfy said Decree, to-wit: Lot Three (3), in Block Seven (7) in H. L. Stewart's Subdivision of the North half (N. ½) of the South East quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Twenty-Eight (28), Township Thirty-Eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14), East of the Third (3rd) Principal Meridian.

Dated, Chicago, Illinois, May 18th A. D. 1897.

DAVID SULLIVAN, Master in Chancery of the Superior Court of Cook County.

M. F. Cure, Complainant's Solicitor.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 822 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term A. D. 1897. Catherine Nadelhoffer vs. William B. Connor, Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, Robert Berger, successor in Trust, Patrick J. Murray, Eleanor E. Walker, The unknown legal owners and the unknown legal holders of the Notes secured by deed of Trust from William B. Connor, Bachelor, to Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, dated August 12, 1892, and recorded August 16, 1892, in the Recorder's office of Cook County, Illinois, as Document No. 1,717,877 in Book 3,770 of Records on page 612. In Chancery. No. 169,456.

Notice is hereby given to the said The Unknown Legal owners and The unknown Legal holders of the Notes secured by deed of Trust from William B. Connor, Bachelor, to Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, dated August 12, 1892, and recorded August 16, 1892, in the Recorder's office of Cook County, Illinois, as Document No. 1,717,877 in Book 3,770 of Records on page 612, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.

Sullivan & Healy, Compl'ts Solicitors.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK.—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the March Term A. D. 1897. William Templeton, Administrator of the estate of James M. Cleary, deceased, John J. Cleary and Kathleen Cleary vs. George A. Head, Michael T. Cleary, Mary K. Downey, Edward Downey, Annie K. Cleary, Fannie Templeton, Bessie Keefe, James E. Keefe, William Templeton, Charles Templeton, Annie Templeton and Aileen Templeton. In Chancery. No. 167,431.

Notice is hereby given to the said Mary K. Downey, Edward Downey, William Templeton, Charles Templeton, Annie Templeton and Aileen Templeton that the above named Complainants heretofore filed their Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of March A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.

J. B. Hefferman, Compl'ts Sol'r.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 822 REAPER BLOCK.

ESTATE OF PATRICK PRENDERGAST, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Prendergast, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1897, being the 14th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 14, 1897.

MARGARET PRENDERGAST, Administratrix

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHICAGO, JUNE 5, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—M. B. Curtis in "Gentleman Joe."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Digby Bell in "The Hoosier Doctor"

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—Little Miss Chicago "In Gay Paris."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Said Pasha."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Variety.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AN "INTER OCEAN" RUFFIAN'S GALL.

We can conceive of no journalistic, business or other reason why the Inter Ocean, which is, presumably, edited by gentlemen, should have published the following villainous and infamous anonymous screed in its issue of May 25:

"In your today's issue I notice some correspondence relative to the part the Irish took in causing the rejection of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty. Will you permit me to say that the words 'the parliament of man and the federation of the world' are foreign to the Irish nature. The late James G. Blaine quotes these words as a fitting conclusion to his great work on Congress. I should like to know whether the phrase 'the brotherhood of man' be apprehended, much less comprehended, by Irishmen? Is is not an appeal to the unity of the world as foreign to Irish understanding, political, historical, social, fraternal, human (in the sense of the distinction between the instincts of cattle and the reasoning of man), as the commingling of water and oil?

J. B. E."

The writer of the foregoing may or may not be an Englishman of the ultra-Tory persuasion—either that or a Yankee of Tory traitor descent. The Tory Yankee is the American Orangeman—he loves England better than America, just as the Irish Orangeman loves England better than Ireland. None but a rabid human cur, filled with impotent spite and malice, would have descended to such falsehood. "Irish nature" is very like human nature in general, but the English and their allies are always laboring to make it appear something unnatural and monstrous. It is true the Irish have had their faction fights, but what nation has been free from them? Certainly not the English, who fought for thirty years and wiped out two royal dynasties, not to mention 200,000 men, the pick and flower of England, simply to settle a question of succession to the throne. Then there was that long fight between the parliamentarians and Charles I.; the rebellion of Monmouth against James II., and other feuds, more or less bloody, which go to prove that the English are not by any means lamblike in their domestic nature.

How about Scotland? Her kings and clans fought among themselves, until like an overused knife blade, they wore the steel of their strength to the backbone, so to speak, and eventually suffered their ancient and gallant nationality to be absorbed by the English devil fish.

What of Germany? The history of that country, too, is fruitful of conflicts—state against state, German against German.

France, also, has been shaken again and again by civil war and the strife of political factions.

Even the United States has its history of bloody faction. The Tories, who sided with England, formed fully a third of the American population in the days of the Revolution, and they were the very bitterest persecutors of their own people. In 1812-15, the New Englanders, influenced by selfish commercial reasons and by English influences, virtually deserted the American cause, held a treasonable convention, which denounced the war policy of President Madison, at Hartford, Conn., and even went to the extreme of affording aid and comfort to the enemy by signals to their cruising fleet and other base methods.

Need we refer to that more recent event—the War of the Rebellion—the most gigantic civil war of all history? Did Irishmen foment it? When the crash came, they did their duty like true citizens. It is needless to recount their exploits. They live in our very school books, and are a part and parcel of American military glory.

Time was, when such libels as that published in the Inter Ocean might have wrought injury to the character of the Irish people. That time has passed. None but an idiot and an ignoramus, as well as a brute and a blackguard, would designate as "cattle," the brave and brilliant race that gave to America a Montgomery, a Barry, a McDonough, a Stewart, a Shields, a Meade and a Sheridan—yea, hundreds and thousands of dauntless defenders. Equally have they proved themselves worthy in the broad field of intellect, whether in the study or the forum, on the bench or in the forensic arena. Their names speak for them. Envy may spit its venom, but there they are. Detraction may spew its filth, but they remain untarnished. Some wretches who disgrace the American name, hate them, because they have escaped from English persecution in Ireland to compete with some of the spawn of England on this free soil. Let the bigots fume. The Irish defy their spleen. Of America, they are bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh. They are incorporate in this people, and whosoever insults the Irish also insults the Americans.

We may say, in regard to "the brotherhood of man," that there never were nobler, braver, truer advocates of that brotherhood than Henry Grattan, who designated America, "the last refuge of the liberties of mankind;" Daniel O'Connell, who refused to accept monetary contributions from the slave states, although he badly needed them, because they were "the unpaid wages of the unfortunate negro slaves," and the Rev. Theobald Mathew, whose exertions in the cause of temperance and fraternity were devoted not alone to the Irish but to the entire human family. We might mention many other illustrious names but these will suffice. Dogs may bark, curs may snarl, vipers may sting, but truth will live.

ENGLISH BOOKKEEPING SWINDLE.

Mr. A. W. Samuels, Q. C., Tory and Unionist, speaking at the Belfast anti-Excessive Taxation meeting, exposed England's swindling system of keeping books in the following clear and vigorous language:

"The principle of the Treaty of the Union was that there should be indiscriminate expenditure, but discriminate taxation. The principle of the new terms of reference is that there shall be indiscriminate taxation, but discriminate expenditure. It contemplates a complete inversion of the constitutional and financial position of the constituent members of the United Kingdom. The chancellor of the exchequer said in the house that he wishes the accounts to be taken from the Unionist, and not from the Home Rule point of view, as the former Commission did. Well, be it so. This is what Ireland asks for. Let it be approached from the basis of the Union. We stand upon our treaty rights. If they are observed our case is unanswerable. If they honestly wish to test the case from the Unionist point, let them frame their terms of reference in compliance with the Act of Union. The treasury divides expenditure into 'Imperial,' 'English,' 'Scotch' and 'Irish.' Almost every penny spent by the government in Ireland, no matter for what purpose, is charged against Ireland. Only a portion of what is spent in England is charged against England. The greater portion of it is placed in the 'Imperial' column, and charged against Ireland as well as against Great Britain. Million after million spent on salaries of civil servants in England, thousand after thousand spent on public buildings in England, are charged as Imperial. The enormous outlay on wages and purchases in England on naval and military construction are all charged as Imperial. The whole of her majesty's civil list, all spent in England and Scotland, is charged as Imperial. But the representative of royalty in Ireland is debited to Ireland. Any civil servant in Ireland is charged against Ireland; the very cost of raising the revenue, the whole expenditure of the constabulary, the very expenses of the Irish office in London, are charged against Ireland."

And yet, Mr. Samuels and his like, who see this species of cowardly robbery perpetrated year after year, remain "loyal" to the fraudulent Union! How can they so stultify themselves? How can they trust the "honor" of a government that descends to wholesale, and barefaced cheating? Of course England charges up every possible expenditure against Ireland. Used not O'Connell to say that she even forced Ireland to pay for the penknife with which Castlereagh cut his throat? There is only one manly way out of the difficulty. Let the Ulster men quit their accursed "loyalty" and join the national ranks. When that is done, let them demand the privilege of arming and drilling a volunteer force, the same as England and Scotland. If that right is refused, let them arm secretly, drill whenever they can, "put their trust in God and keep their powder dry." Should they assume such an attitude, England will be in no hurry to provoke a conflict. She would quail, because of her foreign complications, before a united Ireland that meant to fight at the first feasible opportunity; and the chances are she would not be long in conceding to the Irish people every "amelioration" she now denies them.

THE JUDICIAL CANDIDATES.

We present to our readers this week the portraits of the Hon. Charles S. Thornton, George A. Trude and Granville W. Browning, in addition to those of Judges Thomas G. Windes and John Gibbons. All are candidates for the Circuit Court bench, and all are lawyers of the first rank and citizens without fear and without reproach. We have already heartily indorsed Judges Windes and Gibbons. We reiterate our good opinion of them today, and sincerely hope they may be re-elected to the positions they now adorn.

Messrs. Thornton, Trude and Browning are equally deserving of popular support, because all have flawless records as lawyers and citizens. Mr. Thornton has, perhaps, been more in public life than his associates on the ticket, as he was, for some time, an influential and progressive member of the Board of Education, and is now a member of the State Board. He is a man of the most liberal views, and, like Mr. Browning, is an intimate personal and political friend of Mayor Harrison. Mr. Thornton, if elected, as we hope he will be, will make an ideal judge.

Mr. Trude and Mr. Browning are only a few years younger than Mr. Thornton, and all three are in the very prime of life and usefulness. Mr. Browning has been successful in a number of highly important cases, and has the respect and confidence of the entire legal fraternity. He is, like Mr. Thornton, of American revolutionary ancestry. Mr. Trude's popularity is well attested by the large vote he has received on the few occasions he has been before the people for office, and we have no doubt he will beat even his former enviable record in the present contest. He is a brother of Mr. Alfred S. Trude, the distinguished jurist, who has ever been a strong friend of the Irish people. Let every reader of THE CITIZEN make his cross in front of the names of the five candidates mentioned in this article. We should always stand by our friends.

IS IT THE DAWN OF IRISH UNITY?

Fifty years ago, Francis Davis, "The Belfast Man," wrote in the Dublin Nation—

"Your Ulstermen, and Orangemen,
Are Irishmen today!"

Last month, at Belfast, the Rev. Dr. Kane, Grandmaster of the Orangemen of Belfast, was chairman of an immense meeting, called to protest against the overtaxation of Ireland. He spoke briefly, but to the point, as follows:

"He could not honestly say he was obliged to those who put him into the position he held that evening. He sincerely wished some one else had been selected, not only for his own sake, but also for the sake of the cause which they were there to consider. He would say, however, that they could not have selected anyone more warmly devoted to the interest of Ireland than he claimed to be. He (Dr. Kane) was a Unionist, and he desired to render to the Unionist government his humble support, but in regard to domestic and housekeeping questions of this kind he was an Irishman first, and a Unionist afterwards, and he ventured to advise the Unionist government that the time has gone by when patriotic Irishmen were to be divided by small tricks of still smaller statesmanship, which had done duty in the past to the disadvantage of Ireland and to the discredit of England."

Well, we hope the Rev. Dr. Kane will stick to that, and, should it become necessary, aid his fellow-countrymen in "kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne" by "lining the ditches with Orange riflemen" in defense of Ireland's financial rights. Oh, if the Orangemen would only turn green for ten years! In 1813, their chief organ, the Dublin Mail, irritated by an English insult to the whole Irish nation, said: "If this kind of language is much longer indulged in, a hundred thousand Orangemen may yet meet the same number of Repealers on the banks of the Boyne, and settle between them the terms of Ireland's charter of Independence!" But nothing came of this dazzling declaration. In justice to the Catholics of Ireland, including Daniel O'Connell himself, it must be said that it was not their fault if no union was accomplished. The aristocratic Orange politicians of Ulster were chiefly instrumental in keeping the two elements apart, and we fear they have still in their hands that pernicious power. The Orange masses are beginning to distrust England, but they dread the Pope more than England, and nothing will convince them that his Holiness has no intention of accepting the crown of Ireland, in case the English are driven back to their own country. Most likely, on the Sunday succeeding his provincially patriotic speech, Dr. Kane indulged in a philippic against "Rome" and "the Jesuits." However, if he is sincere in his efforts to serve Ireland, his fellow-countrymen will be indulgent to his pulpiteering eccentricities.

"Boyne's old water, red with slaughter,
Now is as mild as an infant at play,
Lions in fight, link'd in their might,
Orange and Green will carry the day."

WEST BRITISH "HUMORISTS."

"Any Irishman who can bring himself to honor England's queen, whose coming to the throne found Ireland nearly 8,000,000 strong in population, and the close of whose reign finds her with just half that number, and the survivors still fleeing from her shores, must be either the most spiritless of human beings or a moral monster."—Chicago Citizen.

"Mr. Finerty was invited by a committee of Irish-Americans to contribute to a fund for the celebration of Victoria's 'diamond jubilee' in Chicago. Hence the above frank expression of his views on the subject. The editor of the Pilot has been requested to contribute his mite to the 'Scotch-Irish' humbug in Pennsylvania. Is it possible that there is a new humorist abroad? But no; humor in connection with either of these solemn farces is inconceivable. It is just a plain case of dense stupidity on the part of each solicitor, combined with a canny desire for dollars."—Boston Pilot.

The woods are full of such "humorists," Mr. Roche. We are glad that they are met in the proper spirit by Irish-American editors.

GEN. CLAYTON IMPEACHES "ARBITRATION."

We are glad to find the American Minister to Mexico, Gen. Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, taking a manly stand on the question of Arbitration. Last Saturday the Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, made up of Union veterans resident in the Mexican capital, decorated the graves of the soldiers of Gen. Scott's army, killed in the several battles fought in the valley of Mexico in 1847, and whose remains, "collected by their country's order," repose under an appropriate monument in the American cemetery, situated in the outskirts of the city. The Americans, with graceful courtesy, also decorated the graves of the Mexican cadets of the military academy of Tacubaya, who died defending the capital at Molino del Rey and Chapultepic, Sept. 8 and 13, 1847. The Mexican officers, with the consent of President Diaz and his cabinet, returned the compliment by placing wreaths on the American graves in the neighborhood of the Mexican monument. The latter is situated on the western side of the sunken road which was the theatre of the bloodiest fighting at Molino del Rey, where the Mexicans fought their bravest battle, unless Buena Vista be excepted. There was an immense concourse of Mexicans and Americans present at the cemetery. In the course of his remarks, which were received with great favor, Gen. Clayton said:

"We should not allow ourselves to be lulled to sleep by dreams of arbitration as a panacea for all the troubles between nations. I believe that all the secondary questions of this character should be so settled, but when it comes to national honor and preservation of our territory and our liberties I for one am unwilling to place in the hands of any one man the settlement of such questions.

"I say any one man, because it practically amounts to that, for an equal number of arbitrators chosen by each nation will naturally stand by their own country, right or wrong, which leaves the odd arbitrator sole power to cast the scale for this side or that. It will doubtless be very pleasing for powerful nations of Europe, that are always armed to the teeth, to have us disarmed and rely upon arbitration to settle the questions. But history has shown that the safest manner for nations to avoid war is to be prepared for it."

The General gave the true inwardness of the so-called principle of arbitration in the foregoing remarks, and his sentiments are all the more remarkable and worthy of regard because they directly conflict with the policy enunciated, doubtless without due reflection, by President McKinley in his inaugural address. He certainly addressed a sympathetic audience, because the brave Mexicans had their fill of English, French and Spanish "Arbitration" before and after the attempted usurpation of the Archduke Maximillian of Austria. Arbitration counted for nothing until the glorious battle of el Cinco de Mayo, 1862, gained chiefly by the military talent and indomitable valor of Gen. Porfirio Diaz, now president of the Republic, gave the invaders a taste of Mexican prowess in the defense of the country. Five years of bloody struggle, against tremendous odds, were required to establish the independence of Mexico, after el Cinco de Mayo was fought, and Maximilian, on the 19th of June, 1867, paid the forfeit of his life at Queretaro for his crime against liberty. Notwithstanding the valor of the Mexican patriots, it is doubtful if, in the end, they could have prevailed, but for the bold stand taken by our government in the assertion of the Monroe doctrine. Phil. Sheridan's 50,000 veteran's, on the Rio Grande frontier, were the best Board of Arbitration that ever assembled on this planet. Doubtless Gen. Clayton had them in mind when he delivered his manly speech on the memorable battle ground of Molino del Rey.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

VOTE FOR THESE FIVE.

REPUBLICAN.	DEMOCRATIC.
[X] JOHN GIBBONS.	[X] CHARLES S. THORNTON.
[X] THOMAS G. WINDES.	[X] GEORGE A. TRUDE.
	[X] GRANVILLE W. BROWNING.

Be sure to put your cross in front of each of the foregoing names when you cast your vote.

THE JOYS OF MOSSTOWN.

T. D. Sullivan has some very clever sketches in the Dublin Nation. Discussing the changes made by time in places outside of Ireland, Mr. Sullivan says: "An Irishman who returned to his native town from the United States some time ago, talking with me on this subject, spun me a little yarn which amused me, and which I thus turned into rhyme:

Oh, Mosstown is a good old place; I love it very well;
'Twas there that I was born and bred; but honest truth to tell—
It wants a bit of waking up; its pace is rather slow;
I wish its folk had just a touch of Yankee "dash" and "go."

When I was but a little boy its streets and lanes I knew,
Its shops and stalls, and nearly all the things they kept on view;
A public house in Stroller street I often sauntered by,
And noticed what its window held to catch the public eye.

Some dusty bottles had a place upon the lower line,
Soiled cards of "Guiness" and "J. J.," and one that mentioned wine;
And handbills of whatever show had lately come to town,
With pictures of the ladies and a portrait of the clown.

Dim glasses and decanters stood upon an upper shelf,
A little china pug dog, and, with other bits of delf,
A slender jug that held on top a lemon old and dried,
To hint that those who so desired could have it hot inside.

While yet a youth, to great and free America I went;
Beneath its starry flag long years of busy life I spent;
And oh, what changes saw I there in every year that sped,
'Midst men who made their rule of life "Strike out and go ahead."

New towns and cities springing up like mushrooms from the plain,
Great cities wrecked by fire and storm, and soon built up again;
Old streets so altered that where late stood sheds of humble size,
Palatial buildings tower aloft, far reaching toward the skies.

To Mosstown came I back again, an old man bent and grey—
The sights and scenes were just the same as when I went away;
I rambled through the well-known ways, the big ones and the small,
And found that "free and easy" was the golden rule for all.

I bent my steps to Stroller street—the self-same shop was there;
Through all that tract of thirty years it had not turned a hair;
On that self-same shelf was still displayed the little china pug,
And the very same old lemon on the very same old jug.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cromwell's Real Name Was Williams.

"KYMRIC SUBSCRIBER," City.—You have the best of the controversy. Oliver Cromwell was of direct Welsh descent, and the original family name was Williams. The surname of Cromwell was adopted on the marriage of the Williams heir male to the heiress of the Cromwells early in the sixteenth century. The Lord Protector was a native of Huntington, and was not a brewer, but came of a line of aristocrats, on the Cromwell side of the house, distinguished in English history since the reign of Henry VIII. We may say, in passing, that Cromwell's Welsh blood was no credit to the Welsh nation. The great regicide's male line is extinct, but he has many descendants in the female line, including the wife of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer.

SAYS a writer in United Ireland of May 22: "As the success of the underground war which the Anglo-American Freemasons have been carrying on in Cuba is becoming more and more problematical, the gentry who want to keep Spain too busy to watch the Mediterranean are trying again to get the United States to declare a regular war against Spain. The thousands of filibusters and the millions of rifles and cartridges, cannon and dynamite bombs, which America has poured into Cuba for the Mulatto rising are to be supplemented, it is hoped, by the Anglo-Yankee conspiracy and their Irish dupes, by the United States Navy. President McKinley is expected to raise the war-whoop against Spain in Cuba. It is so much safer than against England somewhere else. Every loyal Irishman must rejoice at the prudent discrimination of the Doodle-Doodles." [The man who wrote the foregoing is an unalloyed damphool. We are surprised that United Ireland should sully its columns by publishing such silly trash. If the Irish don't sympathize with Cuba against Spain, they are undeserving of liberty.]

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Leave your business occasionally and try a new climate and new surroundings. No better medicine. The principal health and pleasure resorts of the Southwest are reached via the Santa Fe Route. Low rates, quick time, comfortable service. For specific information inquire of local agent, or address W. J. Black, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Topeka, Kas.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN BEEGAN.

Mr. John Beegan, No. 1003 Jackson boulevard, died at his residence, after a brief illness, on Friday of last week. He had been for many years engaged in the hat and cap business, to which he also joined the furnishing of uniforms, regalias, flags, buttons and mottoes to different Irish and Catholic societies. Although a native of this country, Mr. Beegan was as intensely Irish in his sympathies as any of his kindred born on Irish soil, and was always among the foremost to uphold the cause of the oppressed motherland. A man of quiet and unostentatious disposition, he did much good in secret, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. Mr. Beegan enjoyed excellent health up to a year or two ago, when his only boy was killed by being run over by a reckless express driver. This terrible tragedy virtually broke the fond father's heart, and he was never again the same man. The driver was entirely to blame in the matter of the poor child's death, but, unaccountably, escaped well deserved punishment. Mr. Beegan leaves a widow and three daughters. The funeral occurred from St. Jarlath's church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated. An immense funeral cortege escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest. Requiescat in pace.

EX-ALD. YORE.

Among the recent notable deaths in this city was that of ex-Ald. Lawrence Yore, which occurred on Wednesday of last week at his West Side residence. He was born in Lake county, Ill., and came to this city when quite young. He first got employment in the wholesale department of a leading dry goods firm, but afterward engaged successfully in the milk business. He was elected alderman several years ago, and served one term in that capacity. His wife died some years ago, but several children survive him. He was a man of the most genial temperament, and his death is much lamented. The funeral occurred from the residence to the church of the Holy Family and thence by carriages to Calvary.

MR. PATRICK JUDGE.

Another good Irishman and faithful American citizen passed away lately in the person of Mr. Patrick Judge, of No. 15 John Place, city. He was born in the County of Roscommon, Ireland, in 1832. He died after a painful illness of two weeks' duration. Ten children survive him. The funeral services were held at the Church of the Sacred Heart, and, after high mass of requiem, the remains were escorted by carriages to Calvary cemetery. There was a very large attendance at the funeral. Mr. Judge had resided for forty years in Chicago, and sailed on the lakes, as captain, for a long time. He was universally respected, as an upright, patriotic citizen. May he rest in peace.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The following is a copy of the schedule for the season adopted by the Central Council:

June 6, Ireland vs. Scotland, football, Gaelic rules; tug of war, employes of Fortune Bros. brewerys vs. Gaelic Athletic Association. June 13, O'Connells vs. Emmetts, football, for the championship of 1896; tug of war, Gaelic Athletic Association vs. Seventh Regiment, I. N. G. June 20, Emmets vs. Innisfails, football; Sarsfields vs. O'Mahonys, hurling. June 27, athletic sports. July 4, open. July 11, O'Neil Crowleys, vs. O'Connells, football; Sarsfields vs. Innisfails, hurling. July 18, athletic sports. July 25, Scotch vs. Irish, football, Scotch rules. Aug. 1, Emmets vs. Young Irelands, football; Innisfails vs. O'Mahonys, hurling. Aug. 8, O'Connells vs. Innisfails, football; O'Neill Crowleys vs. Emmets, football. Aug. 15, Scotch vs. Irish, football, Gaelic rules. Aug. 22, athletic sports. Aug. 29, Sarsfields vs. O'Mahonys, hurling; Emmets vs. O'Connells, football. Sept. 5, Young Irelands vs. O'Connells, football; O'Neill Crowleys vs. Innisfails, football. Sept. 12, Sarsfields vs. Innisfails, hurling, and tie games. Sept. 19, Irish vs. Scotch, Scotch rules. Sept. 26, athletic sports. Oct. 3, Young Irelands vs. Innisfails, tie games.

Tom Moore Social Club.

The Tom Moore Social club gave a surprise party at Vernon hall, 521 West Taylor street, Saturday evening, May 29, in honor of Miss Louise Felie, of 53 Frank street. The members of the club are to be congratulated on their success, for to say that "success crowned their banner" would be putting it mildly. The club is a new institution, and has among its membership some of the most talented young ladies on the West Side, including Miss Nellie and Bessie Gallagher and Miss Kittie Sullivan, the young and brilliant girl who sings in M. J. Ryan's latest productions. Miss Sullivan is a promising little lady, and when she rendered "I Have Lost My Nellie" at the Tom Moore party, she was given a splendid encore. The club has for its officers: M. J. Ryan, director; J. J. Mahoney, president; J. J. Gallagher, vice-president; Joseph Nash, treasurer; W. Gallagher, recording secretary; J. T. Keating, financial secretary.

"My Little Girl suffered with catarrh and stomach trouble. We began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured her so she is strong and well."—Mrs. W. Moore, Dauphin Park, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

Hon. Charles S. Thornton.

CANDIDATE FOR CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE.

The Hon. Charles S. Thornton, who is Corporation Counsel of this city, and a candidate for Judge of the Circuit Court of Cook county, is one of the most distinguished and successful members of the Chicago bar. He has a splendid record not alone as a lawyer, but also as a man of affairs and a political leader. Incidentally we may mention that he has good Irish and American revolutionary blood in his veins, as he is a direct descendant of that celebrated Matthew Thornton, of Irish birth, who was one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence, and was president of the first provincial convention held in 1775. Charles S. Thornton inherits all the patriotic ardor of his distinguished ancestor, and is a national American of the most stalwart type. Since his youth he has been affiliated with the Democratic party, but he has thousands of friends and supporters among men of all political beliefs.

Mr. Thornton was born in Boston, Mass., on April 12, 1851. He was educated at Harvard college and studied law in the Boston Law School. He came West in 1873 and was associated in the law business with Lyman & Jackson and Isham & Lincoln. He has been a pushing and energetic lawyer and now stands at the head of his profession. He was for many years associated with the Education Board of the Town of Lake, previous to the annexation to Chicago; he has been a member of the County Board of Education, of the City Board of Education, and is now a member of the State Board of Education. While connected with the Board of Education he instituted many reforms in the curriculum and school management. He is the author of the teachers' pension bill. Mr. Thornton has taken a lively interest in politics, and always used his great influence and talent in favor of the Democratic party. Realizing his great ability and shrewdness, Mr. Harrison selected Mr. Thornton as his corporation counsel, and the Democratic party has now nominated him for a judicial position for which he is eminently fitted.

Mr. Thornton is not only well known as a lawyer, and a man who takes a spirited interest in public affairs; he is also highly considered by his neighbors and has among his friends some of the best known churchmen in the city, who anxiously look forward to his elevation to the bench. Mr. Thornton is a man of means. He made his money in his profession and in judiciously investing his earnings in real estate. He has a very large practice of law, and allows his name to go before the public more for the honor than for the salary attached to the position.

Mr. Thornton resides in a beautiful home at 7600 Stewart avenue with his wife and four beautiful children.

Hon. Granville W. Browning.

CANDIDATE FOR CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE.

Among the men nominated by the Democrats for the Circuit bench is Granville W. Browning, a lawyer of exceptional merit, who has won golden opinions by his ability as a practitioner. He is a man of affairs and experience, in the prime of life, being 41 years of age. He is peculiarly fitted for the bench, being a man of discernment and of affable and genial manner. Granville W. Browning was born at Indianapolis, Ind., March 14, 1856. His youth was spent in the states of Kentucky, Maryland and Minnesota, where he had the advantages afforded by the public schools. For awhile he lived at St. Paul, which place he left to attend the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Browning graduated in the class 1877 with high honors, being one of the commencement orators of that class. In this connection it might be stated that Mr. Browning is one of the most eloquent pleaders at the Chicago bar, and he is noted for his ability as an orator. After his graduation he came to Chicago and at once began the study of law, being admitted to the bar in 1880.

Immediately afterward he formed a partnership with the late S. H. Moore, who was formerly chief justice of the Superior court, until the death of that eminent jurist. After that he practiced law alone until 1890, when he formed a partnership with Col. Alexander M. Woolfolk, who came to Chicago in that year from Helena, Mont. That partnership still continues, and the firm has an extensive and influential practice.

Many of their cases have been noted ones and involved important points of law, as well as large and important property interests.

Mr. Browning comes from Revolutionary stock, one of his direct ancestors having been one of the famous fighters for the cause of liberty, Col. Thomas Marshall, of Virginia, a close friend of Washington and author of Marshall's History of the Revolution. He also comes from a family of lawyers. Chief Justice Marshall, the most eminent jurist the United States has produced, was his great uncle. The late United States Senator Orville H. Browning, one of the most distinguished lawyers that Illinois has seen, was another of his kinsmen. Mr. Browning has been in general practice. His especial work has been on the line of real estate, and he is regarded as an authority in opinions on titles to realty. Naturally a man of social instincts, genial and kind, Mr. Browning is a highly prized member of the University club. He is also a member of the Law club, the Bar Association and the Saddle and Cycle club. He is an ardent lover of the wheel, and is a member of the League of American Wheelman and the Lincoln Cycling club.

Mr. Browning lives on LaSalle avenue, in the Twenty-second ward. It is hardly necessary to state that Mr. Browning is reasonably sure of an election. As a judge he will prove a valuable acquisition to the Cook county judiciary, and will prove to the people that he is the right man in the right place.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Amidst a halo of bright faces and enlivened by the strains of sweet music and pretty singers, together with a flavoring of eloquence, the closing meeting of the Lyceum for this season was held on Thursday evening, May 20, in Oxford hall. Owing to the absence through illness of President William Dillon, and the lateness in arrival of Vice-President John J. Sherlock, the meeting was called to order by Mr Quin O'Brien. Unfavorable atmospheric conditions augured ill for a large attendance, but results showed that the interest in the Lyceum cannot be overcome by such influences, and a large attendance of members was present. A splendid musical programme fittingly terminated the long list of successes scored during the past season, and the appearance of Prof. Kane, the renowned ventriloquist, was exuberant reward for all sacrifices made in facing the chilling weather.

The debate of the evening was opened by Mr. Joseph E. Ryan, who maintained the affirmative that "Immigration should be prohibited in the United States for a period of five years." The subject was peculiarly appropriate and timely, and evoked a warm and keen interest. Mr. Ryan, who is rapidly developing into one of our most eloquent lawyers and able debaters, was at his best and had the facts and "briefs" of his case at his tongue's end. Judge Thomas A. Foley, of South Chicago, took up the "cudgel" for the negative, and with all the eloquence with which he is so abundantly equipped, he commenced to reply to Mr. Ryan's arguments. "What this country needs," said the learned judge, "is not less people but less monopolies; not less extensions of work and industries, but less centralization of wealth; not the accumulation of money by the few to be spent abroad, but the investment of that money in our own midst for the benefit of the laborer, the mechanic and the artisan."

So evenly were the arguments and sentiments divided, that neither side could control a majority of votes of those present.

The Lyceum has now closed for the summer season, a wise and laudable step, and stands subject to the call of the arrangement committee. It is probable the opening meeting of next season will be held in September.

The secretary of the Lyceum reports that several complete returns for tickets in connection with recent ball are still due, and such delinquents are respectfully requested to settle with him promptly, so as to allow him to close up the books for this season. Those to whom this notice applies will please communicate at once with T. J. Sherlock, secretary, 193 Dearborn avenue.

J. J. S.

OH, WERE I BUT A SCOTCHMAN!

(Being a sly bit at Crockett, McLaren & Co., Novelists.)

Oh, were I but a Scotchman
Wi' haaf a thought at hand,
I'd be the brawest author
In all this bonny land.

I'd fill my bank with coupons
From o'er the distant seas,
And lecture a' the world around
For dollars or rupees.

My talks of something trochty,
My life in prosy Thrums,
With pathos brogued in Scotland
Would bring Chrysanthemums!

To wear upon my lapel,
And every Vassar Miss
Would dote upon my genius
And greet me with a kiss.

But I am blind to patois,
And brogues to me are Greek,
I bring no bricks from Babel
So none my writings seek.

Alas! I'm not a Scotchman,
As near as I suspect;
I have no dulcet blather
And hate thick dialect.

Oh, that auld days richt bierly
Might drop down frae aboon!
If sae, I'd brank with fortune
And bruik one golden spoon.

I pray, at least, that *some*time
We'll get out of this botch
And find some readers *some*where
Who do not care for Scotch!

JOHN BENTON, in Munsey's for May.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

The Dreaded "Back-Draft."

In the June St. Nicholas there is an article on "The Perils of the Fireman's Life," by Charles T. Hill, who has written several articles on the New York Fire Department for this magazine. Mr. Hill says:

Next to a dangerous cellar fire nothing is more dreaded by the men than what is known in their own language as the "back-draft." This is a sudden veering of the flames, usually caused by the burning away of some portion of the building that gives the fire renewed draft, and changes its course completely.

The firemen arrive and find the whole second or third floor of a building in flames. Axes in hand, they smash open the doors, and with the hose dash up the stairway. This is all afire, and the flames are rolling above like a red pall. With the engine at work and good pressure on the line, the battle between the two elements, fire and water, begins. Inch by inch the men fight their way up the stairway, now to retreat as the fire gains upon them, and now to advance as it rolls away for a moment. The encouraging words of the commanding officer are heard behind them urging them on: "Now, get in, boys! That's it—get in—get in! Make the next landing! Hit it up, boys!" and all the other words of encouragement that he usually gives.

They finally reach the landing. They are on the floor with the fire. It rolls away from them. They drive it further back. Encouraged by their seeming victory, they drag up more of the heavy hose to make a final dash at it, when suddenly something falls in at the rear of the fire and gives it renewed draft. It rolls toward them, an impenetrable wall of fire—the deadly back draft! Their only chance of escape is to throw themselves upon their faces, in hope that it may roll over them, or to hurl themselves down the stairs up which they have so gallantly fought their way. Better a broken leg or arm than death by roasting; and the water of fifty engines could never stay the progress of that awful wave of flame.

Many a brave fellow has lost his life in this manner: and very often all the members of a company return with their eyebrows, hair and beard singed off, bearing evidence that they have been "ketched," as they express it, by a less terrible form of this deadly draft.

What Salt Can Do.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.
Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.
Salt in solution inhaled cures cold in the head.
Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.
Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.
Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.
Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.
Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.
Salt in water is the best thing to clean willow-ware and matting.
Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.
Salt on fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping.
Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing the spot.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.50
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

ELECTION.

Official notice is hereby given that for the Election of June 7, 1897, there will NOT be a revision of the registry.

Any legal voter of a precinct shall be entitled to vote in case he shall FILE WITH THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AN AFFIDAVIT stating the time when he removed into such precinct and the length of his legal residence in such precinct, county and state, and that HE HAS REMOVED into that precinct SINCE THE LAST REGISTRATION OF ELECTORS, AT THE LAST ELECTION, and that he is a legal voter of such precinct, SUPPORTED BY AN AFFIDAVIT OF A REGISTERED VOTER AND HOUSEHOLDER of the precinct that he knows such person, and that his statements as to his time of residence, as aforesaid, are correct, and that such person is a legal voter in such precinct. But it shall be the duty of such judges of election to examine him on oath as to his qualifications, and if they are of the opinion that he is not a legal voter, or did not remove into such precinct since the last general or intermediate registration, they shall not accept of his vote. The books of registry shall be used at such election, AND NO ONE CAN VOTE UNLESS UPON SUCH REGISTRY, EXCEPT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES AND THROUGH THE METHOD AFORESAID.

Election Day is Monday, June 7, 1897.

Polls open at 6 o'clock A. M. and close at 4 o'clock P. M.

FREDERICK S. BAIRD,
THEODORE STIMMING,
P. H. KEENAN,
Board of Election Commissioners of the City of Chicago.

ISAAC N. POWELL,
Chief Clerk.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

TEAS AND COFFEES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS,

20 & 22 STATE ST.

Families supplied with Choice Groceries at Wholesale Prices. Goods Delivered to all parts of the city.

TELEPHONE 2658.

H.R. EAGLE

70 WABASH-AV.

23 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00
10 lbs bulk Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour	19 cts
American Sardines in oil, per can	2½ cts
Large cans Mustard Sardines	4½ cts
McMecham's Old Virginia Pure Fruit Jams	10 cts
Good Laundry Soap, per bar	1½ cts
Good Mixed Candy per lb	5 cts
3-lb package Assorted Stick Candy for	15 cts
3-lb package Horehound Stick Candy, good thing for coughs and colds	15 cts
A 25-cent bottle Chili Sauce for	7 cts
English Currants, per lb, 11c, 2½c and	4 cts
California Loose Muscatel Raisins, 2½ cents and	3 cts
Quarter-boxes 5-lbs net London Layer Table Raisins	35 cts
Candied Citron Peel, per lb	9 cts
California Sultana Raisins, per lb	4½ cts
California Evaporated Peaches, per lb	3 cts
3-lb stone jars Jelly	12 cts
20-lb pails Pure Fruit Jelly	29 cts
3-quart Granite Preserve Kettles	12 cts
4-quart Granite Preserve Kettles	14 cts
6-quart Granite Preserve Kettles	16 cts
8-quart Granite Preserve Kettles	18 cts
10-quart Granite Preserve Kettles	20 cts
Flut Mason Fruit Jars, 3 cents; quarts, 4 cents; half gallons	5 cts
Granite Jelly Tins, 3 cents; Pie Plates	4 cts
Large Granite Spoons, 3 cents; Dippers	8 cts
No. 8 Granite Tea Kettles	39 cts
Ceylon or India Tea, per lb	12½ cts
Fine Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	25 cts
Fancy Gunpowder and Oolong Tea, per lb	35 cts
Fine Hard Wheat Patent Flour, per brl	$3.99
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s Best Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl (Guaranteed to be the finest Flour made)	$4.49
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Rising Sun Stove Polish, per cake	3½ cts
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2-gallon pails Dark Cooking Molasses	29 cts
Wild Cherry Phosphate or Root Beer, bottle	5 cts
Spanish Queen Olives, per gallon	49 cts
1-lb boxes Flat Noodles	42 cts
Good Carolina Rice, per lb	3½ cts
Sweet Chocolate, per cake, 2½ cts; per lb	24½ cts
Runkel's Premium Chocolate, lb	24½ cts
W. H. Baker's Premium Chocolate, per lb	24½ cts
Lang's Premium Chocolate, lb	24½ cts
Wilbur's Premium Chocolate, lb	24½ cts
Cleveland Premium Chocolate, lb	24½ cts
Standard Premium Chocolate, lb	24½ cts
2-lb cans Fine Sugar Corn	4 cts
2-lb cans Paris Sugar Corn	8 cts
1-lb cans Myrick's Lobsters	19 cts
2-lb cans Sliced Pineapples	10 cts
2-lb cans Sweet Potatoes, per can	5½ cts
3-lb cans California Pears, Peaches, Apricots, Egg Plums, Gold Drop Plums, per can	9 cts
Platt's French Peas, per can	7½ cts
Genuine Imported French Peas, per can	9 cts
1-lb cans Blue Back Mackerel	6 cts
Lawn Grass Seed, per lb	9 cts
Window Cleaners, the Woman's Friend	9 cts
Cereal Blend Roasted Coffee, lb	9 cts
A Good Roasted Rio Coffee, lb	12½ cts
A Fine Roasted Santos Coffee, lb	15 cts
A Fancy Golden Rio Roasted Coffee, per lb	18 cts
A Rich Old Roasted Santos Coffee, per lb	20 cts
A Roasted Maracaibo Coffee, lb	25 cts
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts
Which beats the world for quality. Roasted Java and Mocha Coffee, per lb	27 cts

LAUNDRY GOODS.

	Per bar.	Per box.
Erasive Laundry Soap, 100 in box	2 cts	$2.00
Viking Laundry, 100 in box	2 cts	1.85
Hard Water Soap, 120 in box	1½ cts	1.80
Nat'l Mfse. Laundry, 25 in box	2½ cts	.55
Linen Laundry, 60 in box	2½ cts	1.[illegible]
P. & G. Lenox, 100 in box	2½ cts	2.[illegible]
Schaefer's German Mottled, 60 in box	4 cts	2.30
H. R. E. & Co.'s Leader, 30 in box	3½ cts	1.00
Fairbank's Best Family, 60 in box	3½ cts	2.10
P. & G. 6-oz. Ivory, 100 in box	3½ cts	3.75
P. & G. 12-oz. Ivory, 100 in box	6½ cts	6.50
Babbitt's Best, 100 in box	3½ cts	3.19
Fairbank's Gold Dust Wash Powder, 24 pkgs in box	16 cts	....
Large pkg. Washing Powder, 100 in box	2 cts	1.75
Household Ammonia, per bottle	4 cts	....
Kingsford's Silver Gloss, 40 lbs in box	5 cts	2.00
Large All-Willow Laundry Baskets		29 cts

OIL STOVES.

15 inches high, 30 inches long, 14 inches wide, round burners, with 3 kettle apartments—are worth $6—sale price $2.48

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Cuban Dandy, a good smoking cigar, box of 50	45 cts
Grass Widows, fine long filler, Havana seed wrapper, box of 50	75 cts
Havana Trolley, genuine Spanish filler, Havana seed wrapper, box of 50	90 cts
La Flor de Franklin, combination Havana and Texas filler, Sumatra wrapper, box of 50	$1.20
Improved Sweepers, Havana filler and Sumatra wrapper, box 100	$1.75
Imported Leaf, Conchas Especials, guaranteed all Havana, better than you pay 10 cents for; 5 cts each; box of 50	$2.20
Good Long Cut Smoking, per lb	12 cts
Good Fine Cut Chewing, per lb	15 cts
Good Plug Tobacco, several brands per lb	15 cts
Adams' Peerless, per lb	19 cts
Standard, per lb	14 cts
Navy, [illegible]s, Tip Top, [illegible]s, Hunting, [illegible]s	27 cts
Star, Horse Shoe, Climax, per lb	34 cts
Hiawatha Fine Cut, per lb	40 cts
Seal of North Carolina Cut Plug, lb	45 cts

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

70 WABASH AVENUE.

THE POSTER GIRL.

She is quite the very newest, the most recent, up to date,
The Aubrey Beardsley maiden, slim and shy,
With her hair line extra fashion, like a lady on a plate,
And a hint of indigestion in her eye.
Her gown of cat aesthetic, and her arm a trifle lean,
Shoulders sloping from a figure rather tall,
You can tell her in a minute when she comes upon the scene
And poses like a poster on the wall.

For she always takes a corner, with a cushion and a palm,
A shaded light or tapers burning low.
Her voice is low and pensive and her manner sweetly calm
All the eligible men she seems to know.
She talks of "art" and "literature" and "musical affairs"
Or poses with her lips above a rose,
And even when she's flirting with a fellow on the stairs
She never seems to lose the poster pose.

She's a yellow book creation, with an odor of Broadway,
A Gibson girl adorned in newer form,
And while you dream of her by night and think of her all day
Your foolish heart she'll carry off by storm.
But, like every other woman, as perhaps you may have guessed,
She is human when her hair gets out of curl,
And when you're making love to her she's just like all the rest,
A simple little humbug poster girl.
—New York Herald.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP

"I am very sorry to have to cause you this disappointment, Mr. Neal. I esteem and thank you for your offer, but my pledge is already given to another."

"And that other is"— exclaimed the young man almost involuntarily and without removing his intent gaze from the girl's beautiful face.

A vivid blush suffused Rennie's fair cheeks for a moment, then her lips parted in a frank, happy laugh.

"I do not mind telling you, Mr. Neal, since you will know so soon. I am engaged to Roscoe Farnham."

For the first time Neal's eyes dropped away from hers, but the look that flashed through them during that brief interval was as quickly veiled as he said in tones whose slightly tremulous accent seemed quite natural under the circumstances:

"Accept my sincere congratulations, Miss Lawrence."

Then with a pressure of the hand he was gone.

Once outside of the house, however, the mask fell from his countenance.

"So," he hissed between his set teeth, "Roscoe Farnham, the only rival I feared, has supplanted me. But let him beware. His apparent success in no way weakens the force of my determination to win Rennie Lawrence for my wife. He has a pledge, but he has not yet the lady, and the old adage holds good, that 'there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.' What luck has won craft may despoil him of."

But no threatening of the secretly vowed revenge was apparent for a time.

The young men met each other on apparently the most friendly terms, and Neal had promised to be best man at the prospective ceremony.

Calling upon Mr. Lawrence one evening, Neal desired a private interview, at the close of which Rennie was summoned to the library.

"My child," said her father, with manifest excitement, "you have bestowed your affections upon a man devoid of honor or principle. Tell her, Neal."

"Spare me, Mr. Lawrence," said Neal, averting his face. "You tell her. I will assist you, if necessary."

Between them the story was told.

How Neal, in consequence of alleged suspicions, had been investigating Mr. Farnham's antecedents and had learned that his love affairs in various places were quite notorious.

That, just prior to his engagement to Rennie, he had cruelly broken a previous betrothal, and finally that his employers were even then investigating grave charges against him which were likely to lead to his dismissal from the firm.

"Now, my daughter," said Mr. Lawrence, in conclusion, "will you wait to be publicly involved in this man's inevitable disgrace, or will you act the part of wisdom by dismissing him at once?"

Rennie had listened without word or sign, but now she raised her beautiful head proudly.

"I will do this," she answered quietly. "I will send him a letter by James this very night, and by his own answer will I judge him. If he is indeed dishonorable and unworthy, no letter that he can write, no matter how skillfully worded, can hide it or disguise it from me."

And without another word she left the room.

Twenty minutes later William Neal took his leave, walked a few paces away from the house, then returning, concealed himself at a convenient point and waited.

Presently a serving man emerged from the lower part of Mr. Lawrence's house, followed by a rosy cheeked chambermaid.

"It is too bad, sending you all the way down there tonight," the girl was saying. "You could have dropped it in the post box just as well."

"Miss Rennie says it's to go straight to his lodgings, and if you had seen the look on her face you would have known she meant it," answered James. "I'll be back before long, for I haven't got to wait for an answer."

He moved reluctantly off notwithstanding, and in another moment Neal touched him on the shoulder.

"Is that you, James?" he called cheerily. "Did I hear you say you had a letter to take to Mr. Farnham's lodgings? I am going that way, and I'll carry it if you say so and spare you the walk—and leave you that much longer time for courting," he added significantly.

"Much obliged to you, sir," replied James.

And, resigning his trust with alacrity, he quickly retraced his steps to the house, knowing well that he ran no risk of betrayal from his pretty inamorata.

For two days Rennie waited for an answer to her letter.

On the afternoon of the third day her father, coming home earlier than usual, found her in a swoon upon the floor.

"My advice is to take her somewhere," said Neal, who had called in opportunely. "If you have relatives anywhere in the country, take her among them and remain with her until she recovers in a measure from this sad blow."

"But my house here—how can I manage about that in the meantime?" Mr. Lawrence asked in a state of complete bewilderment.

"You need not shut it up. With your permission I will occupy a room here, so that I can receive and forward whatever mail matter comes during your absence," Neal answered readily.

The arrangement was concluded, and the following day Mr. Lawrence and his daughter departed from the city, leaving Neal in possession of the house.

Of the letters that came, he forwarded all but two, which, after having been carefully steamed open and perused with evident satisfaction, were sealed up, inclosed in other envelopes, and returned to the sender.

At Neal's urgent suggestion, Mr. Lawrence's absence was prolonged from three months to five, by which time he felt they could be safely recalled, he having learned that Farnham was preparing for a business trip to Europe, expecting to be absent two years.

"That will do," he ejaculated. "Long before he returns Rennie Lawrence will be my wife."

When the heart broken girl returned, Neal was the first to meet her and became her very shadow, offering no word either of condolence or love, but rendering the thousand little attentions which sooner or later win their way.

For a while he used his influence to keep her from society, for the purpose of avoiding any chance meeting with Farnham, who was still in the city, but at last he decided upon attending a concert at which some celebrities were to appear, having been informed that the ship on which Roscoe had taken passage would sail early in the afternoon.

It required considerable importuning on his part to induce Rennie to accept his escort or indulge in any recreation of the kind, but she yielded at last, and Neal felt that he had scored his second move in the game he was playing.

For awhile she sat beside him, listlessly indifferent alike to the concert and his occasional whispered remarks. Neal was searching Rennie's fair face with an expression of triumphant admiration, overcast, nevertheless, with a shade of anxiety, while the girl wore an absent minded, faraway look, tinged with hopeless melancholy.

But after awhile some of the music seemed to arouse her attention and interest, and she listened breathlessly to the song into which the singer, a tenor of rare power and sweetness, was throwing all the strength of artistic skill and appreciation, bringing out its subtle sentiment with a power and pathos that stirred the tenderest emotions of her heart.

And not less deeply concerned, but in a widely different sense, was William Neal. He saw that the whole tendency of the programme thus far was to lead her thoughts further away from him and back to that past from which he wished to draw her entirely, and he watched her intent face with a furtive uneasiness and perturbation, conscious that he had made a grave mistake. Finally, as the curtain fell at the close of the first part, to be followed by a short interval, Neal rose with evident relief.

"I see a friend in another part of the house to whom I wish to speak, if you will excuse me for a moment," he said. Then, with a forced laugh: "I hope they will give us something a little more cheerful in the remaining numbers of the programme. This high strung sentiment is rather too rarefied for actual every day experience."

He turned away without waiting for an answer, and Rennie was sitting with her head bowed, and her eyes full of tears, when a step sounded near her, and a voice—vibrating with earnest pathos, sincerity and grief—said:

"May I sit here and talk with you for a few moments? May I, Miss Rennie Lawrence?" and lifting her head with a sudden start she looked into the frank but troubled face of Roscoe Farnham.

Where were doubt, mistrust, suspicion now?

Gone, before the whisperings of that truer voice, whose accents no heart could mistake or disbelieve—that voice that bade him welcome to her side.

"I thought you had gone to Europe," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she said. "Mr. Neal"— then she stopped abruptly.

"Mr. Neal told you so," supplemented Roscoe, with involuntary bitterness. "Perhaps it may prove to be not the first misrepresentation for which I am indebted to Mr. Neal." Then, with a quick movement, drawing a letter from his pocket: "Tell me, Rennie, what does this mean? Did this indeed come from you? It seems impossible, and yet the writing is yours."

Mechanically Rennie took the letter he offered.

A glance at the address brought an expression of astonishment to her face. Then, taking out the enclosed sheet, she read it to the end.

"The writing is not mine," she said, trembling violently. "It is a clever forgery, I admit, but I never saw this letter before. I did write you on that date, but I did not direct it to that address, for I did not know you were out of the city."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Roscoe fervently, then more earnestly: "Rennie, it is currently reported that you are engaged to William Neal, but as I looked at you both tonight from where I sat I read admiration and triumph in Neal's face, but neither love nor interest in yours, and, in spite of all that had passed, my heart gave a sudden bound of renewed hope and courage. So, when Neal left you just now, I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity I had found to approach you since the receipt of that cruel letter. I am convinced that there has been some terrible wrong, some shameful treachery. Tell me, did you see Neal the day this letter was written?"

For answer Rennie related briefly as possible what she knew of the whole matter.

"Neal knew that I was called from the city by a telegram that very evening," said Roscoe. "He accompanied me to the cars and received a message from me for you, with the promise to write in a day or two, I expecting to be absent for about three weeks. He evidently thought that would give him time for his sinister work, and having heard you make the declaration that you would send a letter and let me witness for myself, he doubtless contrived, by bribing the servant or in some other way, to obtain possession of the letter and imitated your handwriting in preparing this one—a very clever forgery.

"During the period you were absent I wrote twice, begging you to explain that strange letter. Those letters were returned unopened—see, here they are—we can guess now by whom. Never mind, darling," he added quickly as he saw her turn deadly pale. "It is all right now, I hope. I will furnish your father any credentials he may require in reference to my business and social standing. As for Mr. Neal, his character is pretty thoroughly established. But, see; they are preparing to go on with the entertainment.

"I will just add that I would have been on the ocean tonight but for an accident to the machinery of the vessel, and having nothing better to do I concluded to attend this concert, which proved, after all, the very best thing I could have done. My sailing will be delayed for a week, and a great deal can be done in that time. Tomorrow I will call upon your father and invite him to accompany us—you and I, Rennie—when we do go on our wedding journey. May I?"

One glad, grateful, joyous look answered him, and as he pressed her hand at parting a step at his side announced the return of William Neal.

A dark frown overspread Neal's face as their eyes met, but with a quiet bow Roscoe Farnham passed him and returned to his seat.

"Take me home, please," were Rennie's first words to her escort. "I feel unable to remain any longer."

Without comment Neal obeyed.

The carriage was called, and a short time later Rennie was at her own house.

"Good night!" she said quietly, without offering her hand, and the next moment William Neal was standing outside the door alone, in a very bewildered frame of mind and inwardly cursing the imprudence that permitted him to leave her for a single moment unguarded in a public place.

Just what mischief had been done he could not determine. There was no help for it but to wait and see.

His enlightenment came very soon in the form of a brief note from Rennie, informing him that their acquaintance was at an end absolutely and forever.

Roscoe Farnham called the next day, had a long interview with Mr. Lawrence and a longer one with his daughter, at the close of which Rennie whispered as he kissed her for a brief good-by:

"Let us forgive him, Roscoe, for he did us one good turn in prevailing upon me to go to that concert. If I had remained at home, as I wanted to, you would have left the city without an opportunity for an explanation, and we should have missed our life's happiness forever."

"'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip,'" laughed Roscoe, unconscious that he was quoting the very expression his rival had used. "But the slip was not ours this time, darling, and so we will forgive him."—Dublin World.

The Bull and the Wheel.

Manuel Garcia, a bullfighter once famous in the City of Mexico, but whose reputation and earnings had begun to show of late a tendency to wane, studied the matter over with the seriousness it deserved and at last devised what he thought was a most promising scheme for recovering his lost popularity. He carried it out by announcing that he would appear in the ring on a bicycle and from that unstable perch deliver the fatal thrust which so delights the subjects of President Diaz. The arena was surrounded by an immense and eagerly expectant throng on the appointed Sunday. The bull was a lively creature and gave every evidence of a determination to defend his life with energy. Garcia rode to meet him, clad in a costume of many colors and astride a machine as bright as silver plate would make it. The bull hesitated at first sight of the peculiar machine, but he soon decided that old methods were not yet out of date and plunged at his enemy.

A report of the combat says that in the evolutions that followed the man for awhile had a brilliant success, but not for long. The bull advancing in direct charges, the toreador avoided him by graceful curves, and wheeling in swallow flights and circles came to grief over a small stone and crashed with his machine down to the ground. The rest was comedy—for the bull. It had the bicycle in a moment planted well between its horns, and Manuel, clinging to the bicycle, was lifted likewise. Then the coat of many colors and the silver plated steed executed a parabola through the air, shot over the balustrade and safely landed in the front row of spectators.—New York Times.

Keeps Them Down.

Hobson—I sent a half dollar to that concern which advertised an appliance for keeping gas bills down, and got it this morning.

Dobson—What did they send you?

Hobson—A paperweight.—New York Commercial.

LOVED JENNY LIND.

A MAN WHOSE LIFE WAS RUINED BY A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A Thrifty Carpenter Turned Into a Lunatic by the Cruel Jest of Some Briefless Young Lawyers—Made to Believe the Great Singer Loved Him.

Jenny Lind is dead, but in a filthy hovel on the road from Glasco, Ulster county, to the Hudson river, at Ulster Landing, lives a lasting remembrance of her in a poor mad hermit, who lost his mind through a practical joke, which aroused in him a violent love for the great singer. The man's history is full of such incidents as your true practical joker can enjoy. He has done no end of grotesque things. He has suffered unmeasured ridicule and injury. Rare indeed is the joke that can compare with this one in the quality and extent of the real human misery resulting from it.

Early in the fifties, when Jenny Lind was creating a mad furor here by her wonderful singing, there lived in Kingston, N. Y., a young carpenter named Tobias Van Steenberg. He never had a very strong mind, but was a good and steady workman, thrifty and prosperous. He had accumulated several hundred dollars in the savings bank and had built himself a good house. He was not the sort of man to make an enemy, but he was as good a mark for a practical joke as a jester could hope to find. Several young lawyers in Kingston had noted Van Steenberg's peculiarities and made him the butt of their jests. As most of them were briefless, they had plenty of leisure to devote to the young carpenter, to whom they gave the nickname of "Boot."

One day he was seen looking earnestly at a cheap cut of Jenny Lind in one of the shop windows, and the young lawyers saw an opportunity for another practical joke, so they began to talk to him about Jenny Lind, and soon made him think she was in love with him. They afterward managed to have letters sent to him from New York inviting him to visit the great singer in the city. He at once drew his money from the bank and, disposing of his property, started for New York.

The joke was certainly progressing very well, but it would seem as if some one might have had prudence enough to call a halt before Van Steenberg had quite ruined himself. In those days not so much was known as now about the effect of suggestion and "the fixed idea," especially upon a weak mind, yet plain common sense would have served well in this contingency. Nobody but the jokers could do anything with Van Steenberg. His friends and relatives were powerless, for he had passed into that strange mental state where only one spring of action can be touched, where only one impulse rules the conduct.

As soon as he reached the city poor "Boot" began to haunt the hall where the famous singer was appearing and to follow her carriage in the street. At one of her public receptions at the Revere hotel he declared his love before the crowd present and said he had come to New York to marry her and ended by groveling on the floor at her feet. She had never seen the man before and, of course, had him ejected from her apartments.

He then began to haunt the hotel lobby and to attempt to speak to her as she passed out of the hotel until the proprietors of the house had him put into the street. His next move was to place himself where he could watch the singer's windows, and he would not move from his post for hours at a time. Later on he seems to have got an idea that Miss Lind would love him better if he was a musician, and then he appeared in front of the hotel with a hand organ, which he would grind for hours at a time. He soon became a public nuisance and was arrested and taken to the Tombs. His friends in Kingston were notified to come and get him.

"Boot" was brought back to Kingston, but his mind was destroyed, and he would do nothing but wander about town grinding his hand organ. He soon became such a plague to his native town and to his own family that one of his brothers smashed the machine. He then settled down into a state of harmless lunacy until the war broke out, when he became imbued with the idea that he was a general and began to organize the boys of the town into a company of soldiers. He made his headquarters at the state camp grounds and gave orders to both officers and men, which they good naturedly pretended to obey. He then took on a new phase of lunacy by gathering everywhere he could brass buttons, which he sewed on his cap and clothing until he fairly bent under their weight.

He became such a walking show that his parents finally quietly destroyed his button bedecked suit.

All through the war he paid no attention to anything but military matters, making incoherent stump speeches whenever he could get any one to listen to him. After the war was over and the troops had disappeared he began to show signs of violence and was turned over by his relatives to the poor master, who sent him to jail, and finally to the madhouse attached to the county poorhouse. He was released from there a few months, and instead of returning home he went into one of the country towns and built himself a shanty, where he has continued to live.—New York Journal.

The True Test.

Bess—You could hardly call her a social success.

Jess—Why, she seems to have plenty of admirers.

Bess—Oh, yes, if you look at it that way, but I don't believe she's on friendly terms with a single man she ever rejected.—Chicago Journal.

The Sanskrit language is said to have about 500 root words.

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ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217.

THE KING WILTED.

A Game That Was Too Hot Even For the Doughty Kalakaua.

King Kalakaua was a lover of the fascinating game of drawpoker and is said to have been an adept and quite proud of his knowledge of the game. This story is related by a man who has spent much of his life in the Hawaiian islands and who was quite intimate with the king.

There was a wealthy ranchman of Nevada who once came to Honolulu to look after some business he had acquired in the islands and, being fond of poker, soon made a wide acquaintance with the Americans and Englishmen in the city who indulged in the game. After each night's play, when reminiscences of the game were in order, some one would invariably tell a story of the king—either about his style of play or the large amounts of his winnings and losses. The ranchman always listened with interest to these stories, and finally expressed a desire to mingle with the monarch and his cabinet in a friendly set to. The only objection offered was that several members of the cabinet could speak no English, and consequently the ranchman, who had no knowledge of the native tongue, would be placed at a disadvantage.

This objection seemed insurmountable until a young American, who understood both languages perfectly, said that he would undertake to teach the ranchman a few poker terms in the native language, such as, "I see you," "I raise you" and "That's good," and the numerals, so that he could designate the proper amount of his bet. The ranchman was an apt pupil, and in a few days his teacher pronounced him fit for battle. As luck would have it, the king had just mortgaged the tax receipts, paid off the cabinet, and all were anxious for a game.

The ranchman was presented in due form and politely asked by the king to sit in a little table stake game which was just starting. The game progressed very smoothly for an hour or two, but the bets were growing larger every hand, and all knew that some one would suffer before the game had ended.

The king and the ranchman had been bucking against each other all through the game, and it was a toss up between them as to who was the more skillful player. Finally, at the king's suggestion, a jack pot was made for $100. It passed several times, and with the seven in the game, sweetening it at every clip, I tell you it was about the prettiest pot I ever saw. The king finally caught openers and broke it for $100. All hands staid around to the ranchman, and he made it $500 to draw cards. The king promptly made it $1,000 better when it reached him, and the rest of the players dropped out. The ranchman raised the king back $1,000, and the king came back at him for the same amount. Each drew two cards. I saw that the king had drawn another ace, making four aces for him, and the ranchman had filled up three kings with a pair of queens. The king said he would bet $1,000, the ranchman raised him $5,000, and the king raised back for the same amount. The ranchman then pushed a blank check into the pot and said something that sounded like this:

"Ump thra a gug-u-luck i a!"

The king looked at him closely for a moment and then laid down his four aces and left the table, and this broke up the game. I was astonished at his action, and, finding his majesty in an anteroom trying to drown out the memory of his losses, I asked:

"Your majesty, what made you lay down those four aces?"

"Didn't you hear what the man said?" he sorrowfully inquired.

"No," said I. "What did he say?"

"Why, when he pushed that blank check into the pot he said, 'I'll raise you $11,000,000.'"

In the excitement of the play the ranchman had got his numerals mixed and had almost prostrated the king with the size of the bet.—Washington Post.

President Hayes' Little Book.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster was talking to me one day about Rutherford B. Hayes. Foster represented Hayes' district in congress when Hayes was president. They were political and personal friends of almost a lifetime standing. Said Foster to me:

"I got plenty of patronage under Hayes, to be sure, but for a long time I never landed the men in whom I was most particular and earnestly interested. I would go to the president and lay the claims of my man before him. He would usually acquiesce in everything that I said, because in most cases he knew the applicants as well as I did. Well, in every instance where some devoted friend was concerned the president would say, 'Oh, well, Charlie, we will fix that in a day or so!' Then he would reach down in a drawer, pull out a small book and a short stub of a pencil and make a note of the man and his wants. I would then for days to come scan with much interest the list of appointments sent to the senate, but none that had found a place in the president's notebook was to be seen among them. Still, I didn't complain much, for I knew that Hayes was doing the best he could. Time went on, and finally I called at the White House to insist that a certain friend of mine who was then in Washington be instantly appointed as a consular agent abroad. This gentleman had political claims on me and also on the president. I stated my case as briefly as possible to the president, who listened attentively. When I had finished, the president said:

"'Why, certainly, Charlie. Yes, yes; to be sure.' And then he dived for that book of his.

"Just as he was opening its leaves I grabbed his arm and said: 'Hold on there, general. I'll be switched if that man's name goes in that jackass book!' The president saw the humor of it, and I got my constituent appointed then and there."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Life In Crete.

Crete is a land of the past. It is a land of memories rather than of passing events; a land whose period of activity and importance has passed, whose time of decay and torpor seems to have come. To history it is the birthplace and tomb of Zeus, the home of Minos, the thalassocrat, the scene of war and carnage, the Venetian colonial seat. To Greece it is the land of memories sad and heroic. To Turkey it is a thorn. In old days it got the name of ill measure. Today it might be said to be scarcely known, except as a country of home life. It is properly an agricultural island. In its entire area there are not more than six considerable towns, and these the ruins of other days, the houses old and fallen, gaunt hogs, starving curs and hawks tenanting the streets. All around are the mountains, and every considerable town is by the sea. On the cratered mountain tops and in the rugged valleys the peasants till the land and pasture their sheep and goats. At night they sleep in the villages, and by day they are in their fields of rye, millet and sunflowers. They make but sorry agriculturists. Laziness is the root of their vices, and the Cretans are lazy ne'er do wells. More than half of their days are holidays, which they celebrate by getting drunk. By actual count there are 128 of these holidays, and when men and women get intoxicated 128 times in a year it is a regular system.—Springfield Republican.

Living In the Future.

A popular lecturer, in estimating the number of people who would inhabit this globe 1,000 years hence, was asked by one in the audience how such a vast multitude could be fed. In reply to this question he is quoted as saying: "We know not what discoveries may be made to render the earth more fertile or to increase its productive power, but long before that time enough of the sands of Cape Cod and New Jersey may have been converted into glass to place a roof over all the land devoted to growing crops, and beneath its shelter the farmer, in a climate of perpetual summer, may grow his crops in continuous succession, and with the waters of the deep springs and the lakes under his control may be free from dangers of flood and drought as well as from the frosts and snows."

Undoubtedly long before the expiration of the 1,000 years gardeners, farming under glass, will be engaged in supplying not what are today considered the luxuries of life, but the very necessities. Hothouse fruits and vegetables may then be raised for the poor and needy as cheaply as the summer products are now grown on the truck gardens in the suburbs of all our cities. Vast sections of land may be roofed over with glass, and a perpetual summer climate will make the plants and trees and vines flourish as in the tropics.—George Ethelbert Walsh in Lippincott's.

Such a Nice Old Man!

A young lady was on a railway journey up north. A suave old gentleman sitting opposite to her presently bent forward and said, with gentle reproof:

"Excuse me, but do you think it wise, when there are so many thieves about, to carry your pocketbook so conspicuously?"

As he spoke he pointed to her purse, which was projecting slightly from her pocket.

The girl, considering the stranger rather officious, thrust the purse down into her pocket and thanked him with stiff reserve, perhaps a trifle scornfully.

At the next station the old gentleman got out. As he did so he turned to his pretty companion with a polite bow and the mischievous indulgence of his years:

"Allow me to restore your pocketbook. You see it was not so hard to lose as you supposed."

So saying, he held out to her the purse she had supposed safely reposing in her pocket. She received it, coloring with childlike mortification, thanked him profusely, and her old friend took his leave with a friendly smile.

A few minutes later, when the man came round to collect tickets, the girl discovered her purse to be minus ticket—and cash.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Chance.

Timmins—I have a notion to write one of these Scotch dialect stories.

Simmons—But you don't know anything about Scotch dialect.

Timmins—I know as much about it as the people who buy the stories.—Indianapolis Journal.

A LITTLE GRAVE.

Dark are the mounds where the snow blast is sweeping,
Wild is the cry of the wind on its flight,
Cold is the drift that the north wind is heaping
Over the nursling alone in the night!

Alone in the night and the dark that went creeping
Out of her arms but a daybreak ago!
Anguished with sorrow, her watch she is keeping,
Far would she follow through storm and through snow.

Nay, tender mother, have done with your weeping,
Not in the night and the dark has he part.
He all of bright heaven save when he is sleeping
And dreaming of heaven, warm, warm in your heart.

—Harper's Bazar.

LAFITTE THE PIRATE.

New Version of the Story Told by Galveston Oystermen.

Galveston island, Texas, is very proud of Lafitte, the pirate. Indeed, his fame, like that of Captain Kidd, grows greater with every year. Out on the island, a few miles from the city, is a grove known as Lafitte's grove. A number of wind bent trees encircle a dancing pavilion and are surrounded with a choice collection of oyster shells and tin cans. The elderly woman of the party, her old fashioned curls bobbing hysterically, hurried to a native who was placidly wrestling with a half dozen bushels of oysters.

"Say, mister, who was this Lafitte that they talk about?" she began, notebook in hand.

"Well, lady, he was a powerful big man. I don't know all the rights of the matter, but somehow he had the habit of jerkin folks' money away from 'em, and once in a while he brought a lot of it here to the island and buried it."

"Is there any buried here in the grove?"

"No, lady. This grove was just a gathering place for 'em—Lafitte and his crew. They used to come here o' nights an bring their booty which they had gathered from ships pirated an robbed. They divided it up, an each man got his share, an then they had a kind o' war dance around any victims they had brought in before killin 'em."

"How horrible!"

"Yes, it was terrible, lady, but that was not a circumstance to the things th' chi pirate used to do. One time when there was a big party in one of the rich houses on the island he an his crew suddenly appeared in the ballroom. They drove everybody outdoors except the women an made them dance with 'em. Then they went to the dinin room an had a big feast, endin with carrying off all the silver in the house."

"That is very interestin," making more notes.

"Yes, 'm," with a placid face. "But there's worse yet to come. Once a man refused to give up his pocketbook to Lafitte, an th' pirate took him an tied him by the waist to the stern of the pirate boat an dragged him for a mile through the sea. By that time he was ready to give up."

"Did the pirate get the pocketbook?"

"Yes, 'm, the man was dead. But the end come at last, ma'am. One day the other pirates did not like the way Lafitte div ings, an they rebelled on him. Th murdered him in his bunk one night hen he was asleep."

"What terrible fate!" making more notes.

"Yes'm, an they stuck his head on a pole, where they kept it for ten days an nights. Then they brought it here an buried it in this grove, an he haunts this part of the island every dark night, yelling an screeching awful."

The listener shuddered and made some more notes, but the oysterman went placidly on with his work, unconscious apparently of the effect his marvelous interpretation of history had caused. If Lafitte h not already haunted the grove, he ely ought to have done so after so ge a perversion of his biography.—New York Post.

Sir Walter Scott's First Brief.

Sir Walter Scott had his share of curious experiences shortly after being called to the bar. His first appearance as counsel in a criminal court was at Jedburg assizes in 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran poacher. "You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given.

"I'm just of your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a maukin"—namely, a hare—"the morn, man." Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the "maukin" duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did.

On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defense of a housebreaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him, in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he (the housebreaker) could professionally attest: First never to have a large watchdog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within, and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key. Scott long remembered this incident, and 30 years later, at a judges' dinner at Jedburg, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.
—Westminster Gazette.

A Serious Outlook.

"What I want," said the manager, "is a joyous burlesque."

"Well," replied the scribe, "I'll do what I can. But I give you fair warning you're killing the goose that lays the golden egg. If everybody keeps on writing burlesques, in a short time there won't be anything serious for people to make fun of."—Washington Star.

Social Discontent.

"Doesn't it make you sad when you think of the poor?"

"Why, no, not particularly. It makes me mad, though, when I think of the rich."—Indianapolis Journal.

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He Knew Where to Go.

The Boston Traveler recounts a funny incident which took place in superior court in that city in the trial of one Bebro. A witness, after telling some of Bebro's alleged faults, went on to recount an unpleasant experience he had with the accused a few weeks before the matter got into court.

"I called at his office," said the witness, "to try to compel him to return the money he secured from me by false representation. He ordered me from his office, and as I didn't care to be assaulted I concluded to obey him. As I was going out he told me to go to"—

"And in consequence of what he told you to do, what did you do?" inquired Assistant District Attorney Sughrue.

"Went straight to police headquarters," replied the witness.

It is needless to add that the solemnity of the court was disturbed for the next five minutes.

Love.

"Treddle's an awful fool, ain't he?"

"He's in love, you know."

"What has that to do with his being a fool?"

"Don't you know the definition of love? 'Two souls with but a single thought,' etc."

"Well?"

"That allows Treddle just half a thought, you see."—New York Sun.

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Mighty Mice.

The Hindoos have a proverb to the effect that women fear mice, mice fear men, and men fear women.

Discrimination.

Wee Pet—Kitty doesn't like my dolly, Mamma—Why do you think so?

Wee Pet—W'en I put 'er in dolly's lap, she doesn't purr a bit.—Good News.

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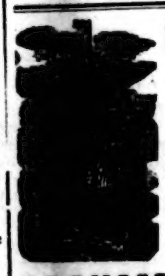

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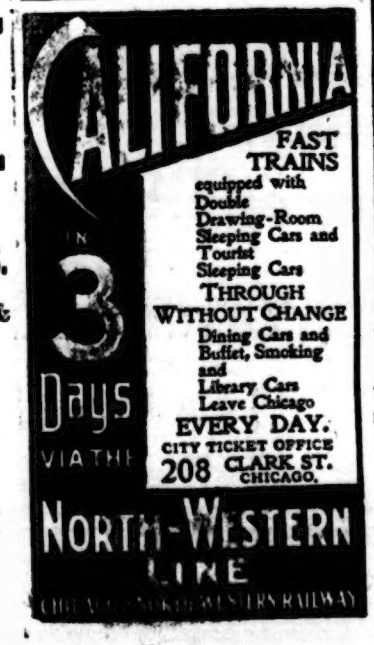
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